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SELECTED POETRY.

'TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Mountain winds! oh! whither do ye call me?
Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue!
Chains of care to lower earth enthral me:
Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo?

'Oh the strife of this divided being!
Is there peace where ye are borne on high?
Could we soar, to your proud eyries fleeing,
In our hearts would haunting memories die?

'Those wild places are not as a dwelling
Whence the footsteps of the loved are gone!
Never from those rocky halls came swelling,
Voice of kindness in familiar tone!

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth
In the pathway of your wanderings free;
And the torrent wildly as it leapeth,
Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.

'There the rushing of the falcon's pinion,
Is not from some hidden pang to fly;
All things breathe of power and stern dominion,
Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.

Mountain winds! oh! is it, is it only
Where man's trace hath been that so we pine?
Bear me up to grow in thought less lowly,
Even as nature's deepest, loftiest shrine!

'Wild, and mighty and mysterious singers!
At whose tone my heart within me burns;
Bear me where the last red sunbeam lingers,
Where the waters have their secret urns!

'There to commune with a loftier spirit
Than the troubling shadows of regret;
There the wings of freedom to inherit,
Where the enduring and the winged are met

Hush, proud voices! gentle be your falling!
Woman's lot thus chainless may not be,
Hush! the heart your trumpet sounds are calling,
Darkly still may grow—but never free!'

INFELIX SENECTUS.

To see an old and gray haired man,
It always makes me sad;
For why—I shall grow old myself
That am so stout a lad.

What if one takes the portly turn,
And swells, and puffs, and grows,
Who does not hate your walking whale,
Your full blown human rose!

Alas! a little dapper man,
May come to weigh a ton—
The pantaloons of twenty-two,
Are tights at forty-one!

And then to think of getting thin,
Is bad as bad can be;
Your eagle nose your salient chin,
Are shocking things to me.

I'm not a baby or an ass,
But yet my soul it shocks,
That time should whittle down my legs,
And pick my golden locks.

Some decent calves are made of Cork—
They're awkward in a boot;
Some decent periwige are bought—
They're slow at taking root.

No—let me weep, I cannot bear
The wasting hand of years;
O were there nothing else to shed,
I would not grudge my tears.

SELECTED TALES.

THE STOLEN PIG.

BY WILLIAM CONSTOCK.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.—*Old Song.*

'WHAT do you charge for sawing wood?' The black to whom this question wasaddressed raised his eyes a moment from the log which he was briskly engaged in dividing, gave a hasty glance at his questioner, whom he seemed to recognize, but, instead of making a direct reply, as is customary in such cases, turned again to his work, and said evasively, and with apparent indifference, 'I hab one price massa—always one price.—S'pose you know de regular charge?'

'Indeed, I do not,' answered the other; 'I have used no wood since I came to this town.'

'Ha-! no wood!' exclaimed the other, concealing deep design under the mask of stupid surprise; 'you no do widout fire all dis time, massa surely?'

'You know me, then,' answered the young gentleman.

'Why, massa, said the sawyer rather perplexed at being driven from his track, and losing all presence of mind at this unexpected remark, 'it is true dat you is stranger in town.—massa tink dat I impose on you because you be stranger! No, massa; I hab but one price, as I said afore.'

'We shall not dispute about the price,' said the young man, his melancholy countenance faintly illuminated by a smile at the shallow finess of the other 'You know where I live, I suppose. You may order a cord of wood, and'—

'Bring it to de old place? Yes, sar—yes, sar. I will do um wid pleasure.'

'The old place!' said the melancholy stranger.—'Why do you call it by that name!'

'O, you are not acquainted all about it,' answered the Negro, shaking his head with an air of solemn meaning. 'What for you hire dat house massa!'

'Because it is one that suits my fancy. I like old-fashioned things. The ancient style of the building, the carved images over the door, the winding staircases, the singular nooks and dark passages in the cellars, the strange noises which the wind makes in the night, as it wanders through the hollow apartments, shaking the creaking doors, and'—

'Whew! massa. What a man you be!' exclaimed Pompey, pausing in his labor, leaning on his saw, and fixing his expanded eyes upon the countenance of the youth; 'what for you like all dem tings as scare oder people out of his gumpus mentus!'

There was a kind of shrinking in the countenance of the young stranger, and a slight frown flitted over it, like the thin shadow which momentarily darkens the earth, while a cloud is passing the sun; but the Negro perceived it not, and the youth immediately changed the conversation by saying, 'You have lived some time in town, I suppose as you seem to know when a stranger enters it.'

'Why, yes, massa, I knows pretty much all de people, for I been here tree years come next Tuesday fortnight.'

'No longer?' asked the youth.

"No, sar. I remember parfectly well. It was on same day dat do young feller was hung for killing Murdoch, de butcher.'

'Ah! how was that?'

'Nothin', sar, only arter dey hung um, ye see, he was conwicted ob innocence; and his poor old farder, dat had been crying for sorrow, den cried for joy; but dere was sad looks in ebery face, when dey heard how young Griscom was not the murderer, and how he had been hung instead of de real man dat stuck de butcher, and robbed him.'

'Strange story this!' cried the other, with an air of indifference; 'strange story! It's very unlikely that an innocent man would be executed in this country.—Why, let me tell you, if he had been innocent, the Almighty would sooner have interposed by a miracle, than to suffer his sentence to be carried into effect. What would the honorable judge, and the respectable jury, who sat at his trial, say to you, if they heard you utter such a libel on their characters? I advise you never to express such a sentiment to any other person, lest you be punished.'

'I see you do n't know de story, massa, or you would n't say so. Ebery body say dat he was innocent as de babe dat was neber born. De judge heself, and all de gemmans, says he neber kill de butcher. You ax any oder person, dey tell you same ting.

The stranger listened intently to the words of the Negro, and, when he had concluded, turned on his heel, saying, as he departed, 'Don't forget the wood.'

After quitting the man of fuel, the youth passed along the street with rapid steps, until he arrived at the door of a large brick house, opposite to which he stopped, and looked from that to the other buildings in the range, as if at a loss to decide whether he had found the house at which he intended to call. While he stood thus undecided, a fair white arm, resembling a bar of polished ivory, thrust back a green blind which obstructed the view from the window, and a sweet voice uttered the following welcome: 'How now, my wandering knight! art thou waiting for an Arabian welcome? I have known the time when you could dispense with so much formality.'

'Very true most potent princess,' answered the other, in the same tone of pleasantry; 'but you know I have lately become a great advocate for ceremony.'

'And of the most frigid description, too,' returned the young lady, purposely misunderstanding him, 'I should judge, by your detaining me at an open window in the month of November.'

Thus challenged, the youth entered without more ado, and was met in the entry by the beautiful maiden, who cordially took his hand, and led him to the chief apartment, where she introduced him to her aunt, an elderly lady, upon whose countenance time had traced but few wrinkles, and whose easy smile satisfied the beholder, that if she never used any great exertions to benefit her fellow-creatures, she was as little disposed to do them any injury. She appeared like one of those negative philanthropists, who impart happiness to such as actually place themselves in their path, but who never stop aside to dispense favors on the obscure sufferer. The youth did not seem particularly desirous to fathom her character, but appeared well satisfied that she called him Ludolphus to his 'course of love.'

'Augustus,' said the maiden, when the little party had seated themselves, 'I have heard strange stories about you.'

The youth placed himself in the attitude of attention.

'They say,' continued the young lady, 'that you have hired an old Gothic building, large enough to contain all the ghosts and goblins in Christendom. Now I know your fancy for ruined castles, mossy rocks, and subterranean abodes, but cannot imagine how a young bachelor can feel at home in a rude old mansion, in which neither knight nor fair lady ever kissed the cross and about which there are no traditions, excepting that, in the days of its pristine magnificence, it was occupied by about forty Irish families. What a romantic abode you have chosen!'

'Fie, cousin Emeline!' said the old lady, raising her finger; 'you judge without consideration. Do you not know that some excellent speculations have been made in this town, of late, by gentlemen who have hired these overgrown buildings and rented out the rooms, separately, to different families. who were so poor as not to be able to rent more extensive apartments? I think, as little as I know of business, that Mr. Maladon has made a good calculation.'

Augustus and Emeline exchanged glances, which had nearly been fatal to their good breeding. The youth commanded himself, however, and arrested the smile which was gathering on Emeline's lips, by saying—

'Whoever may have occupied the house before it is both ancient and venerable. Because your knights occasionally used their helmets for drinking cups, you would not forget their proper use. I propose that we get into a chair, and drive over to the old mansion. You may then laugh at me as long as you like.'

The old lady now left the room to give some order respecting dinner to her domestics, and the conversation between the lovers relapsed into that familiar and affectionate strain, common between young people who await nothing but the marriage ceremony, to be one flesh.

'My dear Augustus,' said Emeline, 'how is that I see you still pining under the influence of a most mysterious melancholy? The time has been, when I thought it all assumed, to excite my interest, But there is something in that sunken eye—those wan cheeks—that wasted form, which tells a tale that your tongue has never uttered, even to your confiding Emeline. Ah! Augustus, how have I shown myself unworthy of your confidence?'

'Emeline—Emeline—when will you cease to distract me with such cruel doubts? Have you never heard that Love, the cruel tyrant of our race, has withered many a blooming cheek, and prostrated the powers of the firmest constitution?'

'Are such its effects on me, my Augustus?' said the maiden, with a kindling eye and glowing cheek.—'You yourself have said that my affection had improved my looks. I can well imagine how hopeless love may have the effect of which you have spoken. But is such your case? Am I not wholly and truly your own? Is not my hand pledged to you? Have I not given a proof of my affection, by leaving my native village, and coming to dwell with my aunt at your request' Nay, are we not in the very house which is detined to receive us after the performance of the nuptial ceremony? But perhaps you are unhappy because, in a rash hour, you vowed constancy to a weak, simple-hearted girl, who was foolish enough to suppose herself worthy of sharing your joys and your sorrows.'

'Who is melancholy now?' said the youth, gaily;—'dry those tears, my loved Emeline. I candidly believe that I have inherited my gloominess from my mother. You recollect that she was of a pensive habit.'

'*Pensive*, but not sad. You were not always so, Augustus. There was a time'—

'When I was not in love!' interrupted he. 'Bear in mind, that love transforms a man to the opposite of what he was before he felt the subtle flame. Love is said to make the coward valliant, and the brave man timorous. Why not also make the cheerful man melancholy, and the melancholy man cheerful?'

'Why not, indeed?' said Emeline; 'why does it not make the man who inherited melancholy from his mother cheerful?'

'Truly, that is something to the point,' said Augustus, with comic gravity. 'I give it up. Why does it not?'

'Nay, that is for you to answer.'

'But is it not inconsistent with the duty of a teacher in metaphysics, to ask her pupil a question which she cannot answer herself?'

Dinner was announced, which put an end to the conversation.

Emeline remarked with concern, that her lover did little honor to the savory dishes of her aunt; and that worthy lady herself might have felt piqued at the indifference with which he juststasted course after course, had he not contrived to keep up a brisk conversation, by which the old lady was too much interested to observe his delinquency.

After dinner, Emeline consented to visit the old mansion in which her lover had taken up his abode.—They drove to one of the back streets, which appeared to have been once the most fashionable part of the town. The antiquated buildings wore an air of high fashion, but not the fashion of the present day. Many of the houses were hooped by large piazzas; and, raised on pillars over the doors, were images of angels, dolphins, and chivalric emblems. Now this street seemed to be much deserted by business men, and inhabited generally by people of the lower classes of life. Excepting occasionally an old apple-man, who goaded his sleepy nag over the dull pavement, no horse or carriage was to be seen in St. George Street, from one end of the week to the other. It was not until they had reached the upper end of the street, (contiguous to which was a small forest,) that Augustus pointed out to Emeline the strange abode which he called his home.—This house was as much like those which we have just described, excepting that it was larger, and more timeworn.

'This is carrying your romance too far, said Emeline, laughing, as she reached her taper fingers to Augustus, and alighted from the chair; but, when she entered the building, the intense interest with which she surveyed its singular proportions proclaimed that more than one romantic individual had crossed the threshold. Augustus led his fair guest immediately to his *sanctum sanctorum*, which was a small square room on the first floor, in which his books, drawnings, and money desk, were deposited. They had a little difficulty in obtaining admittance to this apartment. The door was firmly barred on the inside, and a harsh voice replied to Augustus's knock, demanding, in no very temperate language, what the intruder wanted. Even after the master of the house had given his major domo to understand who was awaiting his tardy movements, the fellow growled and grumbled, and seemed in no haste to unbar the door. When he fairly commenced doing so, it appeared to Emeline, that it took more time to remove the fastenings, than was requisite in the time of profound peace, when no danger was to be apprehended from invaders.

'Do you carry your antiquarian propensities so far as to bolt and bar your portals?' said Emeline. 'I wonder you have not also a moat and drawbridge.'

'No, not I, Emelica,' was the reply; and then in a low voice, he added, 'the old fellow's head is full of ghosts and goblins, horseshoes and witches.'

The door was at length opened, and Augustus ushered the maiden into an elegant little apartment, furnished in a style of magnificence completely overpowering. She had never seen such a display of wealth. The carpet was of the finest silk, spangled with golden stars. The sideboards were of solid silver. On one side of the fireplace was an elegant bonufet, filled with the choicest fruits, in baskets of gold and silver. When Emeline saw the hoard of wealth that was crowded into this little apartment she no longer marvelled at the extraordinary precaution used in barricading the door, and admitting visitors. But the splendor of this chamber was not capable of blinding the maiden's eyes to the repulsive character of its keeper. She fairly started when her eyes first encountered the ill-favored being who had admitted them. His figure was short and clumsy; his hands and feet were large in the extreme; his head was covered with shaggy locks of the coarsest description; his short, thick neck seemed to be of vellum or bicstod, behind the ears. One of his eyes [illegible] ed, and Emeline could have wished the other sealed [illegible] She also thought that he used greater freedoms with his master than became his station or qualifications. She was surprised at the equanimity with which Augustus bore his peevishness, and listened to his gross insinuations. She desired her lover to show her some of the other chambers. As soon as they had left the room, she said to Augustus, 'How can you endure the presence of that terrific being whom you have installed in your best room?'

'He is honest and faithful,' was the reply.

'Those are necessary qualities for one who is intrusted with so much wealth,' said she; 'but are there not persons to be found, who possess an equal share of those virtues, without his insolence?'

'What you consider insolence,' answered Augustus, 'is nothing more than a sort of blunt sincerity, which he uses towards me on account of my being an old acquaintance.'

'Heaven defend you against many such acquaintances!' cried Emeline; 'but what room is this we have got into? This is a store-room, surely.'

'Rather an apartment of the garret,' said he; there is here the lumber of ages—old boots and shoes, velvet, small clothes, stays and ragged hose, part of an old cradle, papers, broken combs, a mouse-trap, a jewsharp, minus the tongue, a bootjack, an illegible love letter, and some half dozen rickety flag chairs—but how is this? What ails you, Emeline? Why so pale?—Speak!'

'It's nothing; it will soon be over,' replied she. 'I'll sit on the bench till I recover myself.'

'You look terrified. Tell me, dearest, what has alarmed you?'

'It was nothing but imagination,' answered Emeline. 'I am better now. I was very foolish, but I fancied that, in looking through that open door, I saw the—the—the shadow of a man on the wall in that room.'

'That is impossible,' said Augustus, walking into the adjoining room; 'but I will search the premises.'

The youth traversed several apartments quickly, but nothing was to be seen in either of them, and his echoing footsteps loudly vindicated the solitude which reigned on every side. The lovers minutely surveyed every part of the intricate mansion, excepting the cellars, which were judged too dark and damp for their inspection.

'I perceive,' said Augustus, that our gloomy survey has rather damped your spirits. Suppose we take a turn in the wood. The air may revive you.'

'Most willingly,' said Emeline; 'for, in addition to the reason which you have given, I desire to converse with you upon some subjects with which I hardly dare to trust my tongue, while we are under the same roof with your "old acquaintance."'

'Tell me,' said Emeline, while they approached the forest, 'how it is that you have contrived to amass riches, while apparently pursuing none of those paths to fortune by which mankind generally [illegible] independence?'

'You know,' replied the youth, 'that my parents left me all they possessed.'

'So I have understood, my Augustus, but I think you told me that losses in trade had reduced your father's fortune greatly, even several years before his death, and ill health compelled him to relinquish business before an opportunity offered for increasing it. But why such splendor? why such unmeaning display? Surely, comfort—nay, elegance itself, is incompatible with such gorgeous and wasteful luxury.'

'A mere matter of taste, my Emeline,' replied the youth. 'You know I was always prone to extreme s.'

'But your other apartments—how naked, how desolate are they all! Why not spare a part of your luxuries to furnish them?'

'I could not occupy them.'

'Why then hire so large a house?' persevered the maiden.

'My family may increase,' replied he.

Emeline did not immediately reply to this last observation; perhaps she felt the justness of the remark. They had already entered the wood. The yellow leaves were falling around them, and the wind rustled amongst the dry branches. Augustus was several yards in advance of Emeline, clearing the way for her to pass, when suddenly he lifted both hands, gave a loud scream and rushed back upon the maiden with so much violence as nearly to throw her down, while his face was overspread with the hue of death; his knees smote together, and he appeared in the act of falling.

Exceedingly alarmed at this display of terror in a man proverbially courageous, Emeline sunk upon the ground, at the feet of the horror struck youth. With a convulsive grasp, he seized her hand, and hurried her in silence from the wood. When they had reached the public highway, Emeline eagerly inquired what had alarmed him.

'Nothing of Earth,' exclaimed he, vehemently.—'Did you ever know me to fear any thing that lives, and breathes?'

'Never,' replied Emeline, 'and it is therefore that I am surprised at your conduct.'

'Surprised!' cried he, fixing his eye keenly upon her. 'Saw you nothing?'

'It may have been fancy,' muttered Augustus, and in a moment added, 'Do you believe that men ever appear on earth after death?'

'I have always regarded such an idea as superstitious,' said Emeline, quietly, but with an excited curiosity.—Her curiosity was not, however, destined to be gratified, for the youth strenuously avoided saying any thing more on the subject, until he had seen her safely bestowed in her aunt's custody, when he hastened back to his lonely abode, and found Pompey, the wood-sawyer, waiting to receive his wages. He took the Negro aside and questioned him respecting the mansion which he occupied. The Negro told Augustus that there had been many strange reports concerning that house—that in the 'old revolutionary war' it was used by a party of Tories as a place of rendezvous—that American soldiers had been murdered there, and there could be no doubt the house was haunted. Augustus inquired whether any one had seen an apparition on the premises, and if so, what were the particulars. The Negro replied that there was one ghost, who it was said occupied the old building. He appeared in the shape of a young man.—[The youth started.]—He was sometimes seen very early in the morning, scrambling over the fences, in haste to reach his home before sunrise. He never appeared in the streets but only in the neighbor's yards, in the night. He sometimes plunders henroosts, sucked the eggs, and on one occasion broke through a baker's oven, (the oven jutting into the yard,) and, when the baker looked for his bread and pies, they had all been substracted though a hole in the side of the oven—that when the door was removed from the mouth of the oven, daylight peeped through from the outside.

'He must be a very malicious ghost,' said Augustus, amused by what he considered the Negro's interpolation.

'Berry well, massa,' said Pompey, 'berry well, massa. Ghost hab right to get he own libing. Suppose he teal no more dan he eat; what for you blame him?'

'I am inclined to suspect,' said the youth, jocosely, 'that this pilfering ghost is a sort of scape-goat for the peccadillos of some of his ardent supporters. You plead his cause with an earnestness which denotes no small share of fellow feeling with the shadowy offender.—Here is a dollar for you. When you next see this piratical apparition bring me word.'

Lightly as Augustus Maladon treated the story of the appatition, it is evident that it had made a strong impression on his mind. Although not prepared to credit the Negro's story to the full, he had remarked one coincidence which extremely disquieted him. He was not prone to superstition, but who can discredit the evidences of his own senses. A long and anxious conference was held at night, between the youth and his major domo, which resulted in a determination to leave that part of the country as soon as the nuptials were solemnized between Augustus and Emeline—an event which the former resolved to defer no longer than the coming week. In the mean time, the neighbors reported, that night after night was seen a light in an upper room of the old mansion, and the youth pacing backwards and forwards till the first streak of day had crimsoned the East. But the day drew near when Augustus should no longer be alone in the world. Emeline had consented to make him happy on the coming Sunday, and already was Wednesday arrived. As usual he was pacing the solitary chamber at midnight, when he heard the measured tread of a man on the sidewalk under his window, marching backwards and forwards, as if performing the duty of a sentinel before his door. He raised the sash and looked out. The man in the street looked up, as he heard the window open, and appeared something in an angry tone.

'Friend, what is the matter?' called out the youth.

'Matter enough; pretty business, when gentlemen must come to rob from the poor,' said the other.

'You speak in riddles answered the youth; 'I would soon give you a dollar than take one from you, whoever you are.'

'You better tell me that I didn't see my pig carried into this very house,' exclaimed the man.

'Your pig, sir!' said Augustus. 'Truly, you must be mad; but I will come down to you, and have an understanding in the matter.

The youth took his lamp and descended to the door. He opened it and invited the stranger to enter. Augustus was shocked at beholding the ghastly expression of his countenance, when the light of the lamp fell upon it. Although not apparently over fifty years of age, his eyes were sunken far into his head. His cheek was white, and deeply furrowed, and a cloud, as of settled despair, sat upon his brow.

'Do I look like a man that would steal hogs?' said the youth, abruptly. 'Pray, who are you who think so lightly of the master of this house?'

'I 'm not ashamed to tell my name to no man, though may be I 've had some trouble in my family; yet I 'm a decent man, if I am poor—and an *honest* man, as honest as them that 's richer. You may ax my character of any body in this town. They all know old John Griscom.'

The youth started and turned pale. The old man observing his emotion, and, no longer doubting his guilt, cried, 'Come, come, young man let me have my pig. This is a vile trick to serve a poor old man, who has had trouble enough in this world already.'

'I declare before God, that I know nothing about your pig,' roplied Augustus. 'The emotion which you observe in me is occasioned by my pity for an unfortunate man; for I presume I see before me the father of young Griscom, who was executed for the murder of a butcher, three years ago.

'It 's false, sir,' cried the old man, indignantly. 'He did not murder the butcher, and that has been fully proved. My son was convicted on circumstantial evidence; and, while he was suffering death, news came that the butcher's pocketbook and his pencil case were found in a distant part of the country, where my son had never been. Since my son's death, other circumstances have come to light, which show plainly that he was in no way concerned in the murder.'

Just then their ears were saluted by a sound which no one could mistake. The smothered cries of one of those noisy animals, which are not remarkable for their stoical fortitude in times of suffering, came up the cellar passage, and produced an instantaneous effect on Griscom, who cried out, in a tone conveying both reproach and joy, 'There, there 's my pig! I 've found my pig! He 's down here!' and he plunged into the cellar with such rapidity, that Augustus, who was much confused by the circumstance, found great difficulty in keeping up his track, with the light. The obscure subterranean passages, which, in the other [illegible] were found difficult to thread on common occasions; but now the outcries of the stolen property served to direct its owner to the spot where it lay. The two men arrived at what appeared to be a secret nook in one side of the stone wall, but from that nook the sound seemed to proceed. On holding the light within the cavity, an opening was discovered at the farther extremity of it, large enough for a man to pass through. The youth forced his way through it, and Griscom followed. They found themselves in a subterranean passage, which appeared to be of great length. They advanced to the farther end of it, guided by the cries of the animal, when the old man, who had possession of the light, and was in advance of the other, uttered a loud cry, and fell senseless to the earth. Happily the youth caught the lamp as he fell, or they would have been left in total darkness. At the moment the old man fell, a squallid youth started from a dark corner, and throwing himself on his knees before Augustus, begged that he would not deliver him up to justice. For a moment, Augustus was speechless with terror; but, seeing that the object before him was real flesh and blood, he gradually recovered his self-possession, and said, 'Griscom, what do I see! I saw you executed! I stood near the scaffold when you suffered. What is the meaning of this mystery?'

Before the lad could reply, the old man revived, and father and son were in an instant locked in each other's arms. But sometime before the latter could be made to comprehend that his innocence had been fully established, and that he need no longer stand in fear of the law. The old man then went on to relate to his son, that, when the tidings of his innocence first reached the gallows-tree, the rope had been immediately cut, so that he had not been suspended more than half the usual time; but as the doctor declared life was extinct, he had been buried.

Young Griscom then related his story, which was, that after being turned off, he lost all sensation until he awoke in a dissecting-room, and frightened several young doctors nearly out of their wits, who were about inserting a large knife in his breast—that the doctors finally told him he had better run for his life, for if he was caught he would be hanged over again. He then fled in dismay, and took lodgings in the old empty mansion now occupied by Augustus, where he had kept snug ever since, suffering the most dreadful apprehensions, that if he was discovered 'the law-men would swear him into prison, and hang him again.' On being farther interrogated, he acknowledged that he had laid his neighbors under contribution for his maintenance, by pillaging their hen-roosts and cribs—the old man's pig at the same time loudly corroborating the poor fellow's statement. Young Griscom also confessed that he was in an adjacent chamber when Augustus and a young lady were examining the garret, which accounted for Emeline's alarm. When questioned about his appearance in the wood, which had so much terrified Augustus, he seemed desirous of evading the subject, but on being closely pressed, said he had discovered a long subterranean passage, which led from the cellar to the wood, where there was a small opening, which was covered by a small rock, that he occasionally removed when he wished to make his egress in that quarter.

'Then I understand the meaning of your sinking so suddenly into the earth when I appeared,' said Augustus. 'I could have sworn I had seen an apparition, from that very circumstance.'

Young Griscom was forthwith released from his self-imposed confinement, and great was the joy of his relatives when he was once more restored to them. The history of his resurrection was noised abroad, and his father's door was for weeks thronged with curious visitors. But the young doctors, whoever they were, that had the good fortune to preserve his life by an unlawful act, never came forward to claim the meed of praise, being content, no doubt, in this instance, to abide by the old maxim, that 'virtue is its own reward.'

A weight seemed to be lifted from the mind of Augustus, by the discovery of young Griscom, and yet it was observed that he never inquired after the lad, or showed any interest in his welfare; but a strange kind of frantic joy pervaded his soul when his superstitious terrors had been completely removed by the story of that injured young man. He related the whole affair to Emeline, with great glee, and she was scarcely less alarmed by the tumultuous joy which seemed to have run away with all his discretion, than she had previously been oppressed by his melancholy. It may even be doubted whether the man had not suffered somewhat in her esteem, who could be so powerfully wrought upon by causes of apparently small moment.

When Augustus led the fair Emeline to the altar, she had no occasion to complain of that 'mysterious melancholy,' about which she had been so often disquieted. On the other hand, she herself was observed to look unusually pale, and the dispirited manner in which she entered the church gave occasion to some sly and malicious insinuations on the part of her young attendants. She did not falter, however, but gave her untrembling hand to Augustus, and listened to the commencement of the ceremony with decent composure.—But scarcely had the priest lifted up his voice in prayer, when two men entered the church, and walking directly up the aisle, paused opposite the bride and bridegroom. There they stood, waiting the conclusion of the prayer in respectful silence. One of these individuals was a tall, commanding personage, with a stern countenance. As the priest arose from his knees, he looked full at this man, and slightly colored. The stranger bowed, and, advancing quickly up to Augustus, laid his hand upon his shoulder, proclaimed himself the high sheriff, and arrested the youth in the name of the commonwealth. Emeline staggered backwards, and the priest caught her in his arms. 'Nothing but a matter of debt, or some such trifle,' said he to the astonished maiden.

'I am sorry to say,' answered the sheriff, 'that the charge is much more serious.'

'Who dare charge me with murder?' cried the youth trembling violently.

The sheriff turned his eyes quickly upon the priest, and gave him a meaning nod. The other understood him, and shook his head sorrowfully.

Augustus was immediately conveyed to prison, where he was soon joined by his major domo, who had also fallen under suspicion.

'Peterkin,' said Augustus, to this man, what can be the meaning of our arrest?'

'God only knows,' answered the other, gruffly; 'but I suppose that, because that half-hanged scapegrace was found in our cellar, we must stand a trial for the murder of Murdoch.'

'I am confident they can prove nothing against us,' said the youth, but it is rather inconvenient to be snatched from the arms of beauty, and immured within these dungeon walls.'

Just then the heavy iron door of the dungeon grated on its hinges, and Emeline entered. She tottered to the side of Augustus. Her eyes fell upon the ponderous chains with which he was loaded, and she sunk senseless to the ground. Augustus succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, when she turned her despairing countenance towards him, and tried to speak; but no sound was audible from her quivering lips, except a low sigh, which seemed to proceed from a bursting heart. While the youth was trying to console her, by declarations of his innocence, two gentlemen in black entered, and approached Peterkin. They talked earnestly to him in a low voice, but Emeline's ear caught the words, 'state's evidence,' and in an agony of horror she was just able to whisper to Augustus, 'they are trying to persuade that wretch to betray you. O, who would credit the oath of such a man? To screen himself from punishment, he would willingly declare you guilty.'

The conversation between Peterkin and the lawyers became more vehement, until the former broke out in a loud voice, and, stamping on the dungeon floor, exclaimed, 'What do you take me for? Do you think I am a milk-sop? I tell you I know nothing of this murder; and, if I were a thousand times guilty, I would brave all the halters in America, before I would betray another.'

'Noble soul!' exclaimed Emeline, throwing herself at the feet of Peterkin; 'how have I wronged you!'

The gentlemen withdrew, and Emeline was once more left alone with the prisoners. She no longer hesitated to converse with Peterkin; and, although he appeared a blunt and unpolished fellow, yet some of his sentiments were more noble and high-toned than any she had ever before listened to. Both Augustus and Peterkin appeared confident of acquittal, and Emeline left the prison a good deal comforted.

After this Emeline went regularly to the prison every day, and not only did the two suspected persons appear to maintain their oberfulness and hope, but every one whom Emeline heard speak on the subject gave it as his opinion, that no evidence amounting to conviction could be produced against them.

Peterkin gained upon the good graces of Emeline every day, and a sort of chivalrous gallantry contrasted with his bluntness, in a manner to render him highly interesting to her.

At length the day of trial came. Emeline, accompanied by her aunt, went to the court-house. The throng was immense. The notoriety of young Griscom, and the general indignation which the public felt for his wrong, had made them doubly anxious that the person or persons who were really guilty of the murder should be brought to justice. On the other hand, there was a great number who thought too much caution could not be used in this case, as one person had already been convicted, and partly executed on doubtful evidence. When Emeline entered the court house, leaning upon the arm of her aunt, the crowd made way for her, and a buzz of curiosity was heard, as the bystanders strained their eyes, in order to get a sight at a damsel whose truth and affection bore up against the disgrace of her lover. Emeline had never before been in a hall of justice, and the solemnity of the scene, the multitude of anxious spectators, and the heat of the apartment, spread a feeling of dismay over her spirits, which caused her to turn her eyes fearfully towards the prisoner's box. She started at seeing only Peterkin there, sitting alone with stern composure.

The trial commenced. The first witness called was Pompey, the Negro wood-sawyer. He said that Augustus paid him a dollar for sawing wood—that on reaching his home he took out the coin to put it away in his trunk, when the light from the candle fell upon it he thought he had seen the piece before. Upon examining it, he recognised it as being a dollar which he had passed away to Murdoch, the butcher, the day previous to his murder. 'I know dis piece well,' said the Negro, 'for I keep him lock up a great while, till I hab hard times, when I forced to swap him away for piece of meat, and handful of small change.' Pompey went on to say that he did not dare to mention the circumstance for some time; but, on hearing that young Griscom had cometo life, he showed it to him and told him how he came by it—that Griscom said he heard Augustus's voice somewhere before, but could not immediately recollect the place, but at last concluded it was at a tavern where he had put up on the evening that Murdoch was killed.

The Negro's testimony was received with strong marks of disgust by the audience, who said to one another, 'Here is more circumstantial evidence. Will they hang a man on such evidence as this! The case of Griscom should teach them more wisdom.' But a more important witness was at hand. Augustus Maladon took the stand.

'Your Augustus is safe,' cried Emeline's aunt; 'he is admitted as state's evidence against that ugly looking wretch in the box.'

The revulsion of feeling was too much for Emeline. She fell lifeless into the arms of her aunt, and was conveyed out of court.

Augustus testified that he and Peterkin had been engaged with an extensive combination of counterfeiters, of whom the notorious burroughs was chief. He said that Murdock, the butcher, had also been concerned in the conspiracy, but that having some qualms of conscience, the butcher had privately expressed his intention of abandoning the business, and even betraying one of his confederates. By means of the spies who were scattered all over the country, this information had been conveyed to some of the chiefs in this nefarious business, when Augustus and Peterkin were chosen to cut the disaffected person aside, for which achievement they were promised an immense reward, which they had really received. They set out in search of the butcher. They reached the town in which he resided, and lurked about some time before an opportunity offered for putting their wicked intentions into effect. At length, hearing that Murdock was about going up country, to purchase a drove of cattle, they determined to murder him on the road; and, as he must necessarily carry considerable money with him, they saw an excellent opportunity to gratify their avarice, at the same time that they administered to their revenge. Accordingly they disguised themselves in the habit of Quakers, and followed him out of town. They were about ten miles from town, when they put up at the same tavern with the butcher. At about eight o'clock in the evening, young Griscom came in and desired a night's lodging. He was just returned from visiting a sister who lived in the country. At nine o'clock the two pretended Quakers commenced a conversation with Murdoch, who sat in the bar room, a little heated with liquor.—They pretended to have cattle to sell, and wished to make some private bargain with him. They expressed a wish to see him alone, at an adjacent village, where they pretended to live, and said they would walk home, and prepare their house for his reception—requesting him to follow in about half an hour. They then went out, and secreted themselves in the bushes, about half a mile from the tavern. At the time agreed upon, the butcher came staggering along, entirely alone. Augustus and Peterkin sprang out from their hiding-place, and at the moment that Augustus tripped up his heels, Peterkin drove a dagger through his heart. He fell, and died immediately. They then listened attentively, and hearing no person near them, dragged the body into the bushes, and secured Murdoch's pocket-book, and several other small articles. Their first impulse was to fly, but Peterkin thought that would excite suspicion. They therefore pulled off Murdoch's boots, and went with them back to the tavern. They retired to bed. At about midnight they arose, and softly opened the door of the apartment adjoining theirs.—Young Griscom was there, asleep in his bed. They conveyed away his boots, and left them they had taken from Murdoch in their stead. In the morning they paid their score, and Peterkin departed for Canada, to obtain the premium—the price of blood—carrying with him Murdoch's pocket book and pencil case, to vouchsafe that they had 'done the deed.' Augustus returned to town, and watched the progress of affairs. He soon learned that young Griscom had been taken up on suspicion—the boots which he wore being identified. By means of a little false swearing, Griscom's guilt was made apparent, and his subsequent disgrace and suffering followed in course.'

On this evidence, Peterkin was fully convicted. He received his sentence with dogged firmness. Whether he ever suffered the sentence of the law or not, we never understood. Our impression is, that he committed suicide in prison.

When Augustus was released, he felt unspeakably happy. It is true that his reputation was blasted; but what headed he the opinion of the world? He possessed immense wealth. He could leave the country with the gentle Emeline, whose every wish and desire was concentrated in him; he could settle in some sunny Paradise, far away, and spend his days in unmixed happiness.

He flew to Emeline. He entered her aunt's door without knocking, and called upon her name. She appeared immediately. She beckoned him into a private apartment.

'You have heard all?' said he.

'Yes, Augustus,' answered she, 'I have heard all.'

There was something unusual in the cool and deliberate manner in which Emeline pronounced these words.

A little disconcerted, Augustus continued, 'You see before you a man highly criminal—led away by the heat of youthful passion, to avenge what he considered treachery in a confederate.'

'All that, and more, woman's love has been known to pardon,' said Emeline, coldly.

'Seraph! pearl of my heart! how can my gratitude repay'—

'Hold, sir, cried Emeline; 'as much as I abhor the crime for which you were arrested, I might have loved you still; but the hand of Emeline C——can never be bestowed on the traitor who has murdered a true and magnanimous—'old acquaintance!'

'Astonishing!' cried he; 'the supremacy of the laws, Emeline! Have I not made some reparation to society for the murder of Murdock, by giving up a guilty wretch to their vengeance?'

'The man who truly respected the laws, and was desirous of maintaining their supremacy, would never have had occasion to make reparation,' said Emeline firmly. 'If it is thought proper to admit one man as state's evidence against another who is equally guilty, I have nothing to say against the practice; but the officers who procure such evidence do not address themselves to the honor or loyalty of the criminal. It is the promise of pardon which tempts him to testify, and the fear of death is the motive on which he moves. The *means* may be good and justifiable, but the wretch upon whom they operate must first prove himself a craven or a villain, before their effect will be visible.—While it is an object to obtain such evidence, the man who gives it must be despised as a traitor. I could have died with you, Augustus, on the scaffold, but I can no more consent to see a man who has murdered his friend to save his own life.'

So saying, Emeline hastily withdrew, and Augustus returned home, gnashing his teeth with rage and despair.

On the next morning, the youth was found dead in his bed. The hand of an assassin had killed him while he slept. There is no doubt he was slain by one of his own gang, in revenge for his faithlessness to Peterkin.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

DELICATE ATTENTIONS.

'Why, Gingerly!' exclaimed Tom Damper, as he entered the public drawing room at Mrs. Bustle's Boarding House] at, Brighton; 'Why, Gingerly! this is one of the finest days of the season, all the world is out enjoying it, yet here are you, at three o'clock, sitting alone, on the self-same chair, in the self-same attitude, and looking through the self-same pane of glass, as at eleven this morning when I left you. What ails you?'

Gingerly made no reply; but breathed on one of the panes of glass, drew the letter

ly, now, you don't pretend that a girl of eighteen is too young for me!'

'Not a day,' replied Damper, somewhat drily; 'but I, who am your junior, should think myself too old for a girl of eighteen.'

'I don't care for that, my good friend. I am my own master, have an unencumbered nine hundred a year, am not troubled with a relation in the world—and—in short, I'm resolved to marry Betsy Bustle.'—Saying which, he flourished half a dozen B's with an air of unconquerable determination.

Damper gave him a twirl round and stared him full in the face.

'Gingerly,' said he, 'if your head were not as bald of hair as an apple, I should advise you to go this moment and get it shaved, for you are mad. Fifty-five and eighteen! If you do marry Miss Bustle, my fine fellow, look out for squalls.'

'Of course,' replied Gingerly, with a look of extreme simplicity; 'I must expect that our children will squall just the same as other people's.'

'You misunderstand me; I say, if you do marry Betsy Bustle, remember that there is already a lover in the case.'

'Damper, don't say so,' cried Gingerly.

'There is,' continued the consoling friend; 'there is, or I am much mistaken. A favoured lover, too; favored by the daughter, by the mother, and, which is of no little importance, by Captain O'Popper also—the Captain, as you know, being as much master here as if he and Mrs Bustle were already united.'

Gingerly turned pale, and big drops rolled from his brow. For some time he was unable to speak. At length, with faltering voice, he inquired of Damper what grounds he had for his belief.

'Chiefly this,' replied the latter; 'I have frequently heard her speak to her mother about a certain George; and from the tone in which she always utters the name ——'

'Then I am the happiest man alive!' joyfully exclaimed Gingerly. 'My name is George.'

'But,' said the imperturbably friend, 'she sometimes speaks of him as *young George*.'

'And what then? I never told her my age; and she is not obliged to know that I am fifty, or so. I tell you what, Damper; that I am the object of her tender thoughts I am now certain—that is to say, *almost* certain. Now I would have proof of it, and *that* you must obtain for me.'

'I have already told you I will have nothing to do with a love confidence,' coolly replied Damper.

'But you must, my dear Damper; for this once you must—unless you wish to see your poor friend throw himself from the head of the chain-pier souse into the sea.'

As Gingerly uttered these words with something like earnestness, his friend, unwilling to be accessory to such a catastrophe, consented, after some further entreaty, to undertake the task; not without thinking to himself that should Gingerly actually marry the girl, he would be the greatest fool in the universe—excepting only the girl herself for marrying him.

'Now,' said Gingerly, 'I must first of all confess to you that I am the most timid man alive—I mean in love matters—and that is why I have never popped the question to mortal woman. Indeed, as to popping the question at all, it is a thing I could not do were I to live a thousand years. Pop! To a delicate-minded man the very word itself is a horrid word. I could as soon pop a pistol at a woman's head as the question at her heart. No; if I succeed, as I am sure I shall, in ensnaring the heart of my charming Betsy, it will be, not by any daring manœuvre, but by sly approaches, by little gallantries, by delicate attentions, such as the female heart only can appreciate, such as no female heart can resist.'

'And when do you mean to begin?' said Damper.

'I shall astonish you, my dear fellow, I know I shall; I *have* begun. I have already made one step in advance, and I flatter myself you will give me some credit for the ingenuity of it. You know the new novel that every body is talking about—'The Timid Lover.' Well; the hero, Mortimer Saint Aubyn de Mowbray Fitz Eustaceville, is a character exactly resembling me—timid as I am—something younger, to be sure; but that does not signify—and the heroine is very much like Miss Bustle. Yesterday I bought the book—paid a guinea and a half for it, as I hope to be saved; and sent it anonymously to Betsy—*anonymously*—do you mark the delicate attention?'

'I do,' replied Damper; 'but, for the life of me, I can't discover the ingenuity of the proceeding.'

'It consists in this—and that is the point you must assist me in. Nearly at the end of the first volume there is a situation of great interest, where the timid lover first hints at his passion for the heroine. I put a piece of paper into the book to mark the place, and Miss Bustle *must* have noticed it. Now I want you to draw from her whether, in reading that passage—for I saw her reading it last night—she thought of me. If she did she is mine. That I call both delicate and ingenious.'

At this moment Miss Betsy entered the room, and greatly to the satisfaction of Gingerly, with a volume of the 'Timid Lover' in her hand. Gingerly having whispered to his friend that now was the time for the experiment, he cast a look of ludicrous tenderness at the young lady, stammered a few words which were utterly unintelligible, and went out for a walk; but with the intention of soon returning to learn the result of Damper's inquiries.

'What a funny gentleman!' exclaimed Miss Bustle, as Gingerly made his retiring bow.

Funny! thought Damper; that is not a very promising epithet for the timid lover.

His manners are much altered since he first came here,' continued Miss Bustle. 'Then he was very talkative; now he scarcely ever utters a word. And he gives one such comical looks, too! Captain O'Popper said yesterday that one would think he was casting sheep's eyes at somebody or other—though I don't know what that means. But he is a nice old man, after all. I wonder, though, he does not wear a wig; his old bald head shines so one can almost see one's face in it. I don't think such a *very* bald head is pretty.'

It will not be expected that Damper was much encouraged by these observations to proceed on his friend's behalf; but, having undertaken his cause, he resolved against abandoning it.

'Miss Bustle,' said he, 'you are mistaken concerning Mr. Gingerly upon one point; he is not old—not remarkably old.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed Miss Bustle; 'how one may be deceived by appearances! He looks a great deal older than my poor, dear, dead-and-gone grandpapa, who was sixty-three when he died.'

'He is nothing like so old as that,' said Damper; 'and then, Miss Bustle—and then, he is rich.' This last word did Damper emphasise in a way to produce an effect—and so it did.

'Rich!' responded Miss Bustle; 'is he indeed? Lord! how I should like to have *him*—for a grand-papa. I dare say he is very kind to *his* grand-children.'

The learned advocate perceiving that he had taken nothing by his motion fell back upon the point on which he had been chiefly instructed; and merely explaining, by the way, that as his friend was unmarried it was impossible he should have children, and that, therefore, grand children were out of the question, he went at once to the subject of the book.

'Is that a new work you are reading, Miss Bustle?'

'Yes, sir; it is the 'Timid Lover,' and is only just out.'

'You are fortunate in getting it so early from a circulating library,' observed Damper, pretending ignorance of the fact.

'Anxious as I was to read it, I might have waited six weeks for it had I depended on the library, and after all, perhaps, have been obliged to read the third volume first. No, sir, it is a present; and, although it came anonymously, I know very well who sent it. What delicate attention! Oh!' And here the young lady placed her hand upon her heart and sighed.

Bravo! thought Damper; this will do. 'And pray, Miss, said he, 'is there not in it one situation of peculiar interest? I mean that where the timid lover first hints at his passion for the heroine.'

'It is charming,' replied Miss Betsy; 'it absolutely drew tears from me!'

'And did you think of no one—no *one*—whilst you were reading it?' inquired Damper.

'Indeed I did; and I'll tell you, in confidence, who it was. I thought all the way through of Mr. Gingerly.'

'Well, thought Damper, there is no accounting for the freaks of the heart! And that my old friend should make a conquest of one of the prettiest girls in Brighton!'

'The two characters are so alike! except,' continued Miss Bustle, 'that Mr. Gingerly is rather the oldest of the two.'

'Yes, yes, I admit that my friend is a little older than the hero, Mortimer Saint-Aubyn de Mowbray Fitz Eustaceville is represented to be.'

'What!' exclaimed Miss Betsy, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter; 'think of him as the divine Fitz Eustaceville! Shocking! No; what made me think of him was the nasty old rival, Lord Grumblethorpe, who comes in at the critical moment, and prevents the declaration of love. But Fitz Eustaceville is so like a certain person! But wasn't it a delicate attention, Mr. Damper, on the part of the *friend* who sent me the books? And, then, to put a slip of paper into that very place! Oh! it speaks volumes!'

At this moment Mr. Gingerly returned; and Miss Bustle being summoned by a servant to go to her mamma, he and Mr. Damper were left together.

'Well,' eagerly cried the timid lover; 'well, have you sounded her?'

'I have,' was the reply.

'She has read the passage in question?'

'Every syllable of it.'

'Did it produce any effect upon her?'

'Tremendous!'

'Did she cry? That's the great point. Did she cry?'

'A bucket-full!'

'You delight me, my dear Damper. Did she notice the bit of paper? Did she speak of me? Did she remark upon the delicate attention?

'Yes, yes, yes, yes,' impatiently replied Damper.—'And now, pray, don't tease me any more about it.'

'But my dear, dear Damper, did she speak much about me? and what was it she said?'

'Why—not much; but what she did say was quite conclusive.'

'I told you so; I knew that by a little ingenious contrivance, by a few delicate attentions, I should make my way to her heart.'

'Now, my good friend,' said Damper, gravely, 'prepare yourself for a ——.' Damper's speech, the tendency of which would doubtless have been to undeceive his self-deluded friend, was cut short by the dinner-bell; and, as they descended to the dining-room, Gingerly declared his intention to spare neither pains nor expense to win (in his own delicate way) the affections of Miss Betsy Bustle. Damper sighed for the infatuation of poor Gingerly, and resolved, in his own mind, to save him from any aggravated disappointment, by repeating to him, at the earliest opportunity, and word for word, all that had passed in his conversation with the young lady.

When the friends entered the dining-room they found the places, all except two, occupied. Those were near the head of the table, at which was seated Mrs. Bustle, Captain O'Popper did the honors at the bottom. At his left was the lovely Betsy, and next to her was a young man of about three-and-twenty. This gentleman wore a blue frock coat of military cut, a buff waistcoat, and a military stock. He was dark; not ill-looking; had a profusion of black hair; huge whiskers; and mustachios of the fiercest;—such, indeed, as might well have excited the envy of one of Napoleon's Old Guard. He smelt strong of cigar, and was clerk to an attorney at Storeham. This personage was no other than George—*the* George—Mr. George Hobnill.

Gingerly cast a longing look towards the end of the table where was seated his beloved, but there was not a place vacant within eight of her. Mr. Hobnill, who occupied the seat for which the former would have given one of his ears, and whom he now saw for the first time, he inwardly wished—a long way further off than Shoreham.

'Mr. Gingerly,' cried Mrs. Bustle, 'as I know you are a lady's man, I have reserved *that* seat for you. You are fortunate to-day in having a lady on each side of you.' This she uttered in a tone of patronage; at the same time pointing to a vacant chair between Gingerly's prime horrors—Old Widow Swillswallow and Miss Fubsworth. Damper was placed next to Widow Waddilove.

'Come, Mr. G.' mumbled Miss Fubsworth, 'come between us ladies. We old folks are always best together.'

The earth did not open and swallow Mr. Gingerly at a gulp, as he wished it might, for at the moment of the utterance of these words his eyes met those of Miss Bustle.

The dinner was provided with the usual boarding-house munificence. First, was served a huge white earthware tureen, full to the brim of a thin, nankeen-coloured liquid, on the surface of which floated a few chips of toasted bread. Mrs. Bustle, as she distributed this in copious potions amongst the company, commended her cook for her culinary ability in general, but chiefly praised her for the excellence of her 'gravy-soup.'

'The only good gravy-soup in all Brighton,' exclaimed Captain O'Popper; 'and I'm just waiting to hear who'll say the contrary.' This proposition, uttered with an unquestionable brogue, was universally granted; at least, nobody *said* the contrary.

Then came three soles to be divided amongst fifteen bodies. This seemed to be a difficult operation; but Mrs. Bustle performed it with a degree of ingenuity which would have done honor to the mistress of any boarding house in England. Two or three times, in the course of her occupation, she took occasion to say that this was the poorest fish-day she had ever known in Brighton.

'The only three soles in the market—barring the other three we let go to the Pavillion,' said the Captain.

Next appeared, at one end of the table, a roast leg of mutton; and, at the other, a dish containing some five or six mutton chops—very broad and very thick, with long tails of fat and gristle depending from the narrow ends of them. These were interspersed with thick slices of raw onion, and were described by Mrs. Bustle as 'Cutlets *ally* sauce *Peckong*,'—a dish for which her cook was particularly famous.

'*Peckong!*' responded the Captain. 'You may well say *peckong*, Madam! and I don't think there's anybody here will contradict *that*.'

The dinner was completed by an enormous (looking) gooseberry-pie, which derived its name from the half-pint of gooseberries discovered at the bottom of the dish when, after some difficulty, a breach had been effected through the thick, hard crust over the top of it; together with twelve stringy radishes, one lettuce divided into quarters, and a small glass bowl-full of lumps of yellow looking cheese, of mouse trap size and Mac-adam substance.

'Shy fare again, to-day!' muttered a quiet little gentleman at table.

'Shy what, Sir?' exclaimed the Captain. 'What's shy, Sir? And, by the powers! is it 'shy' you are saying?'

'I—I only spoke, Captain,' mildly replied the gentleman.

'I'm satisfied, Sir,' said Captain O'Popper.

'I declare, Mr. Gingerly,' said Mrs. Bustle, 'you have eaten no dinner; I really believe you are in love.'

Gingerly was preparing a languishing look for the especial service of Miss Betsy, when the effort was paralyzed by the Captain's——

'Mr. Gingerly in love! Ha, ha, ha! At his time of life! Ha, ha, ha! Well:—better late than never, eh! my old Trojan? Ah! those sheep's eyes of your own, Daddy Gingerly. I say, Miss Fubsworth;—Mrs. Swillswallow;—take care of your hearts, ladies. Or, come, Daddy; is it Mrs. Waddilove you may happen to be after?'

'Sir, I—a—I beg, Sir—a—I must desire—' said Gingerly, (assuming as dignified an air as his mingled confusion and vexation would allow)—'these liberties, Sir,—a—I——

The Captain, a good-natured man at heart, perceiving that he had given pain, apologized—though with far better intention than tact.

'Mr. Gingerly, Sir; I'm sorry you have taken seriously what I meant only in joke.' (Mr. Gingerly bowed, and the Captain continued.) 'I was wrong, though, and I'm prepared to confess it.' (Here Mr. Gingerly bowed again.) 'I had no right to take a freedom with a perfect gentleman like you, Sir,'—(Mr. Gingerly bowed almost down to the table.)—'who are old enough to be my grandfather;'—(Mr. Gingerly did *not* bow.)—'and I ask your pardon.'

Two maid-servants coming into the room with the dessert—one bringing a plate of apples, and the other a plate of biscuits!—diverted the attention of the company from the affair; and Mr. Gingerly availed himself of that opportunity to be seized with a fit of coughing, and to cover his face with his handkerchief. When he had recovered from this attack, he had the gratification of hearing the following portion of a conversation between Mr. Hobnill and Miss Bustle. As it was carried on in a under-tone he overheard no more of it than is here reported.

'Now don't deny it, George.'

'*Pon* my life, not the slightest ideer.'

'I'm certain * * * because * * * Fitz-Eustaceville * * * slip of paper * * * if any one else *dared*, the consequences would * * * Captain O'Popper * * * style of the thing * * * so like you, you creature!'

'If you won't believe me I can't help * * * *Pon* my honor * * * piece of impertinence * * * ladyship * * * really not the least ideer.'

'Now, it's of no use, George * * * sweetly pretty * * * I knew you'd deny it * * * if you were to swear it I wouldn't * * * folly to deny * * * you have a right, dear George, and of course * * * been any one else * * * insolent monster! * * * delicate attention.'

* * * will think so, why, aw, * * *

'Now that's quite sufficient to * * * Oh, George! * * * elegant expedient * * * fully appreciated * * * even had I ever given you cause to doubt; but, now * * * susceptible heart * * * so very delicate an attention * * * yes, dear George, forever!'

Could there have been the smallest doubt upon any [illegible] as to the filling-up of this short conversation, or to the sense in which it implied the [illegible] relation to each other; it must have been removed by the unequivocal twist with which Mr. Hobnill indulged his mustachios in the operation.—Mr Gingerly was not in a condition to think rationally. How could he! He was in love. He complained of the oppressiveness of the heat; expressed his conviction that the thermometer must suddenly have risen from seventy-five to a hundred: drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped the perspiration from his glossy, bald head. The next minute he wondered what could make him feel so cold. Damper recommended him to leave the room. It was not the room, however, that produced these extraordinary sensations in him; it was part of the company. But lovers, like drowning men, will catch at the slightest chance of salvation. 'I will have proof more relative than this,' mentally ejaculated he. He bethought him of the torn paper in Zadig, one-half of which, when read by itself, was a cutting satire, but, when joined to the other, the whole turned out to be nothing more than an innocent love poem. So it may be in this case, thought he; there was something which, certainly, was not quite agreeable in what I did hear; but had I heard all that passed, it would have been a different affair. And, hereupon, he rubbed his hands and proposed to Damper that they should have a bottle of port together.

(*To be continued.*)

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday:

Messrs. Richards, Child, Joseph Lewis, Charles F. Barnard, Artemas Simonds, Thos. A. Davis, James Means, Daniel Henchman, Thomas Hollis, and Julius A. Palmer, were elected Directors of the House of Industry, in concurrence with the Common Council.

Sumner F. Barret, appointed a Constable.

The superintendent of burial grounds and Cemeteries was authorized to build a number of tombs not exceeding six, in the burial ground at the bottom of the common.

The Board concurred, in making an additional appropriation of $10,000 each, for the completion of and furnishing the New Court House and the House of Reformation.

The Committee on the subject of constructing a New Jail at South Boston, and making sale of the present one in Leverett street, reported a reference of the subject to the next City Council. Accepted.

A communication was received from Gilbert Nurse, a member of the Common Council, resigning his seat at the Board, he being about removing to the western country.

Adjourned to Monday next at 4 o'clock, P. M.

MAMMOTH THEFT!—$20,000, in gold, were stolen from a keg on board the steamboat Rhode Island, while lying at the wharf in New York. The money belonged to the Fulton Bank of this city. Nothing is known of the thief, except that he is a dishonest man. The Mercantile Journal gives the following particulars.

'A great robbery was committed Monday on board the Steamboat Rhode Island, which runs between Providence and New York—a keg containing $20,000 in gold was broken open, while it was deposited in the Captain's office, and rifled of all its contents. The villains entered by the window—and in all likelihood, the deed was committed while the boat was lying at the wharf in New York. The robbery was not discovered until the vessel had nearly arrived at Providence. The money belonged to the Fulton Bank in this city.'

CONVICT RE-CAPTURED. Jacob H. Edwards, the principal instigator of the escape of the prisoners from the State Prison on Saturday night last, was taken yesterday afternoon in the woods in Saugus, and at night was safely lodged in his old quarters.

The Journal says that one of the prisoners, soon after he made his escape, went into the house of a brick-maker, not far distant, who, before he was arrested, owed him some money, and with a degree of independence seldom surpassed, demanded a settlement stating that he wished to make use of the money! Whether the account was liquidated or not, we have not heard.—*Trans.*

FIRE IN NEW YORK.—On Thursday afternoon, a fire broke out, supposed to be spontaneous combustion, in the 5th loft of the ware house of N. Talbot & Son, No. 29 Broad street. Owing to the difficulty of conveying water to so great a height, the flames threatened extensive devastation. The firemen, however, plied their task so diligently that the damage was confined to the loft in which the fire originated. Benjamin Pollard, an active and energetic member of the fire department, fell through the scuttle of the several lofts from the fourth to the first floor, and was badly wounded. It is thought he will recover.

ACCIDENT. A young man of Woodstock, Vt. took his gun, and went to the door to shoot a hawk, when his gun accidentally went off and the ball passed through the cheek of a young woman, who was passing to the door at that moment. It went out the back of her neck making a painful wound. She will recover.

☞ The National Eagle is down upon the Wandering Piper, and charges him with playing upon the Scotch fiddle.

DARING ASSAULT.—Sunday evening, at half past ten o'clock, as Mr M—— was returning to this city from South Boston, and had just crossed the bridge, three Irishmen emerged from behind a wood-pile, one of them approached and in passing Mr M., shoved intentionally against him.—Mr M. turned round and said, 'hallo,' when the man raised a cudgel and struck him a severe blow upon the back of his head. At this the other two ruffians, armed with sticks, came up, and one of them inflicted a blow upon his back and the third struck him on the side of the head, which felled him to the earth. Mr M. cried out murder, when fortunately a gentleman returning to the city in a chaise, on hearing his cries, came up to his assistance. The villains manifested by their brutal assault a determination either to commit a robbery or a murder, but on hearing the noise of the chaise, immediately fled. Mr M. was severely injured. He was assisted into the chaise by his deliverer, and taken to his residence in Washington street.—*Mer. Jour.*

SUICIDE. Joseph Schwander of Philadelphia, aged about fifty years, committed suicide on Saturday last by taking laudanum. He had been laboring under melancholy since the death of his wife.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that on Sunday, the thermometer was 96 in the shade. The air was hot and oppressive.

There are a great many pretty girls passing up and down Washington street about this time. The American lasses are generally very finely formed.

LION THEATRE. This establishment is being repainted and will be opened with a strong and efficient company the first Monday in November.

RACING STEAMBOATS. 'This may be sport to you, but it is death to us,' said the frog to the young palters.

The boiler of the Steamboat Commerce, about 15 miles above Louisville, burst and blew several men overboard—one was killed on the spot. The boat had been racing with the Paul Jones, and on stopping at a landing place, neglected to let off the steam. The Wheeling Gazette asks if 'something should not be done by the public towards breaking up this system of *wholesale murder*.'

TEXAS! VOLUNTEERS HO! Major Norton and his sloop are probably waiting for the reinforcement from the stone building, Charlestown.

The Transcript states that the money stolen from on board the Rhode Island was *fortunately* insured—20,000 at the Commonwealth's and 9,000 at the Ocean. Is it possible that these offices insure against *theft*? If not, the fortunate fact of insurance can be of but little consequence.

RIDING EXCURSION. Some rogues stole a horse belonging to Mr. Fowler—a waggon belonging to Messrs. Cleaves & Brigham—and a harness belonging to Mr. Clapp of Roxbury, last evening. It is suspected that the gentlemen from the State Prison took the aforesaid articles, in order to aid them in effecting their escape.

A little girl was run over by the mail stage in Hanover street on Tuesday and severely bruised. The driver checked his horses very quickly and gave the girl into the hands of her friends.

TEXAS. A letter received at Nashville from one of the volunteers at Texas, says that the Mexicans are not vigorously prosecuting the war at present. The Texian army consists of 1500 men in good health and spirits under the command of T. J. Rusk. Gen. Houston had not arrived in camp, but was expected anxiously. The camp talk is that the army will proceed to Matamoras, burn the town, which consists of 15,000 inhabitants and retreat—falling back on Guadaloupe there to await the enemy. It is thought Gen. Houston will oppose this movement, in which case, they will march to Galveston, Velasco, or Copano, and prepare for an early fall campaign. Santa Anna and suit are at Columbia on the Brazos, strongly guarded, and, it is understood, will shortly be ordered to the army.

Mr Houghton, the editor of the Boston Atlas, arrived in Pittsburgh on the 16th inst.

Out of a population of 2000 Jews in Smyrna, the plague has spared but 200.

THE PHILISTINES ARE UPON THEE! A horse was stung to death by bees in Alexandria.

The trial of John Helm alias Johann Peter Helm for the murder of a watchman has commenced.

☞ The Dedham Patriot has copied an article from the Barnstable Telegraph, without giving credit. Let the Dedham Patriot tremble!

POLICE COURT.

Two young [illegible] were placed at the bar. It appeared that on Saturday night, [illegible] had got loose, and [illegible] They commenced distributing their [illegible] in *large capitals* about the streets. Their notes of exclamation made a very dangerous impression on the tympanum of a watchman's ear—he came upon them [illegible], wielded his shooting-stick, and, having [illegible], *locked them up.*—They plead guilty to the charge of being common disturbers, and shelled out $3 and costs.

PATRICK MULLEN pleaded not guilty to the charge of being a common drunkard. He was asked if he wished to ask the witness any question. He said, 'No, I see no use in it.' He had been once in the House of Correction, and was sentenced to go back and try it over again for five months. 'Is that all? Oh! that's not much!' said he, when sentence was pronounced. The constables came to lead him away—'Go ahead, Jerry!' cried he, and departed like the laughing philosopher.

—— COLEMAN was in an Irish house with several others, fighting and disturbing the peace. One witness stated that on going into the house for restoring order, he saw fifteen or twenty men present, who were all by the ears—blood was flowing in every direction, like a trodden wine-press. Guilty—fined $3 and costs.

JOHN O. RILEY had a dispute with a store-keeper, and was turned out of doors when he assaulted the former, but not seriously. The watchman was called to take him up. He was going peaceably home when they assailed him—he fought stoutly and refused to go with them. Witnesses deposed to the good character of Riley, who, it appears, had, for once in his life, got caught in a bit of a scrape. Judge Simmons was anxious to give the prisoner every advantage that his duty would admit of—but the watchman insisted on sending him up to the Grand Jury. He was bound over for his appearance in the sum of $100.

Complainant attempted to move into a house, a room of which he had hired, when John Hony and wife—from the green Isle—interfered, and a regular turmoil was the consequence. Hony had counsel, but was very loquacious, ordered the witnesses about, interrupted the Judge and gentlemen of the bar, and made himself extremely busy. The wife also used her tongue sufficiently to convince every one that she was not guiltless. A friend of Honey was so noisy and impertinent that it was foundnecessary to put him out of the Court Room by main force. Guilty—$3 fine for Honey; $1 for his wife—and costs.

A complaint was made against Sophia Farrell, a girl of sixteen, from Newfoundland, for stealing. It appeared that she was a stranger in the city, without parents. She had lived out at service, and purloined clothing and money from the family. She was led weeping to the bar, so much overpowered as to be unable to speak a word. She plead guilty, and threw herself on the mercy of the Court. The Court was about making up her sentence to two months in the House of Correction, when Mr Snelling consulted with the complainant, and told him it was in his power to request a shorter term, and proposed *one month* to him. Complainant then begged the Court that the prisoner might be sentenced to only one month. After consideration it was agreed to, and she was sentenced to one month in the House of Correction. She was led off sobbing violently.

SYLVIA—a good looking colored girl—was complained of as a night-walker and common drunkard. It appeared that four years ago she had been in the House of Correction. Three young black men swore to her unexceptionable character, industry, and capability—but the evidence of the watchmen was very full and pointed. She was sentenced to two months in the House of Correction.

SARAH ANDRUS was brought to the bar on a charge of night-walking and habitual drunkenness. Her appearance was rather unprepossessing; yet she endeavored to assume a manner very delicate and insinuating. Constable Holden had not seen much of her since she came out of the House of Correction—but whenever he had seen her, she was staggering under 'an exceeding weight of *glory*.' Another witness had seen her lounging about the streets, sitting on people's steps, and endeavoring to stride the rail-road, by moon-light.

'That gentleman tells a story,' said Sarah, 'when he says he saw me on the rail-road.' She declared her innocence with oaths as big as mountains, and addressed the Judge by the affectionate appellation of 'My good man.'—Six months.

Eight hundred and fifty-three buildings of different dimensions have been erected in the city of New York during the last five months and a half.

PLAYFUL.—As a young lady of New York was walking the streets, a genteelly dressed yellow man snatched away her reticule and fled. It contained $50 in bills, besides other matters.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT MURDER occurred on the 4th inst., about fifteen miles above Louisville, on board the Commerce, by an explosion of the boiler, by which one person was known to have been killed, and several blown overboard. This boat had been racing with the Paul Jones, and having to land a lady, sent her ashore in the yawl, while the boat for fear of falling behind, proceeded on her journey. She had not gone much further when another passenger had to be landed, but as they now had no yawl, they were compelled to run the boat to land. While lying there instead of letting off steam, they continued to increase it, and just as the boat pushed from the shore, one of her boilers bursted. In a moment after the explosion took place, many voices were heard from the river, crying for help, but owing to the confusion on the boat, the darkness of the night, and the absence of the yawl, no assistance could be rendered to the sufferers. The personal injury was confined to the hands on board and the deck passengers; the number of killed and wounded was not ascertained before our informants, who were passengers, left the boat.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF A PIRATE.—We extract the following from the Royal Gazette, a Halifax paper, of the 14th inst—

'The following is a copy of a note received on Saturday from the postmaster at Truro:

'A Coaster at Pictou brings the intelligence that a British Man of War has taken a pirate vessel off the coast of Newfoundland. The man-of-war was disguised as a merchantman, the pirate was led into the snare, and boarded her in quest of plunder.'

THE MUSTER.—The Review on Tuesday passed off well. It was generally remarked that the troops were in fine trim, and deported themselves in a most soldier-like manner. The fact is, our military is growing every day more respectable. Conscious of its importance, Gov. Everett has put his shoulder to the wheel to elevate its character, and make it something more than a mere name. On Tuesday he reviewed the troops himself after the review by the Major General. We were sorry to see him on foot and in a citizen's dress, for it did not comport with his situation as Commander-in-chief—though we do not blame him for not wearing a *uniform* such as that in which his aids array themselves, for it is the worst apology for any thing than deems that we ever looked upon.

In the afternoon, the sham fight was wholly spoiled, because the sovereign people broke through the guards, and became masters of the field—impeding all the movements, and spoiling their own pleasure. People do not seem to understand that guard is kept on these occasions as much for the sake of the spectators as the troops—but one must get a little nearer than another—and then all becomes hurly burly.

After dinner, at which the Commander-in-chief made a neat address, the evolutions were witnessed, and then at about six, the troops were formed in a hollow square, and the Commander-in-chief addressed them with great eloquence—told them of the importance of the Militia system, and of his determination to do all in his power to uphold it.

The boys made as much noise as usual—and egg-pop rose two per cent from the increased demand.

It appears that Robinson has assumed the name of *Kimball*. The idea which led to the assumption of this name was probably a *hempen stock*.

BAD NEWS FOR OUR PARTY.—The Post has, at length, slipped its collar so far as to acknowledge that there is no prospect of General Jackson's re-election to the Presidency.

It is now pretty well ascertained that the notorious Isaac C. Pray, Jr. of the Pearl, will not return until he has visited Texas, from which we shall soon receive his *first impressions* through the columns of the Pearl. It is supposed he will get the names of Santa Anna and suite on his subscription list.

BURNT UP. The Steamboat Newark was consumed by fire—says the St Louis Bulletin, while lying at Smithland to be repaired.

The Public Ledger and Daily Transcript of Philadelphia have hitched horses together. They are now one and indivisible.

We have Temperance papers which contain articles headed 'Use of Ardent Spirits.' We thought they maintained that there was *no use in them at all*.

The Rev. Joseph Carter has been fined in New York, $250 for licking a lady.

A drunken woman in New York has been taken to the Police Court, with a *dead child* in her arms, which she was carelessly tossing about—too much stupified to know that the infant was deceased.

☞ Incendiaries are doing up the buildings in Harrisburgh.

SMOKING ON THE COMMON. A tobacco warehouse is about to be established in New Orleans, four thousand feet square and capable of holding 25,000 hogsheads of tobacco.

The N. Y Sun calls *Houpt* the great '*Kicked-out*.'—How certain are great men to be immortalized!

HORRIBLE DEPRAVITY IN A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.—The annals of crime are always painful, while they are yet sought after. There is a morbid curiosity to know to what an extent our fellow men dare to outrage their natures, and trample on the laws of God and man.—Many reprobate the publication of criminal actions to the world—but in our view, if they be made known in a proper manner, with suitable reflections, they tend to prevent crime.

We have said that depravity is painful in any one—but it becomes doubly exciting when the criminal is of those who sit in high places; of those whose duties should lead them to a directly opposite course. For this reason the events connected with the indictment of Rev. E. K. Avery made a great excitement in the community. Men cannot easily forgive those sins which are committed under the garb of hypocrisy.

The case we have to relate has more than ordinary wickedness connected with it, and has created great excitement in the neighborhood in which it occurred. We have been in possession of the facts as they occurred, but have delayed any publication until the denouement should be ascertained.

The Rev. Barnabas Phinney, while the Congregational Church in Westboro' formerly under the charge of Rev. Mr Rockwood, was without a pastor, some months ago, preached before it during a Sabbath, and pleased many of the congregation. He attended one or two of the Conference Meetings during the week, and then it was determined, with a most culpable despatch in such momentous matters, to give him a call. This call was accepted, and he was settled. He informed the Church that he had been settled in Pawtucket, and left only because his salary was not sufficient for his support, and that he was some hundred dollars in debt in that town. The Church voted him eight hundred dollars salary, and presented him with three hundred dollars outright, for the payment of his debts. He then preached before them as their pastor, and excited a powerful revival of religion. The town was all alive upon the subject. The special favor of God was believed to be resting upon the church, pastor, and people. Thus it went on for some time.

At this period it was discovered, that the servant girl living with Mr. Phinney was *enciente*—being an orphan—and only fourteen years of age. Mr. Phinney, took her, packed up her clothes in a trunk, brought her to Boston, gave her a slip of paper on which was her name, and 'a poor unfortunate orphan girl' in his own handwriting, and *left her in the street*, pointing out to her the House of Refuge. Shortly after she was carried to the House of Industry, and there she accused Mr. Phinney with being the parent of her child. This occasioned, as may be supposed, much commotion. Committees of the Church were appointed to investigate the matter, and there was much division of sentiment. Mr. Phinney placed himself under strong suspicion by an equivocal course of conduct, and many believed him guilty. A church meeting was at last called, at which by Mr. Phinney's own desire, all the females were present (but few males attended,) Mr. Phinney appointed himself moderator, and the decision was that he was innocent of the charge. He then continued his preaching as before. Every Sabbath members were added to the Church by his instrumentality—and it seemed in doubt whether all would not be well.

Suspicion was again raised in many minds by the fact that he took the girl from the House of Industry, and carried her to Worcester. There, prevailing on a man and his wife to accompany them to Hartford, (the place whence the girl originated,) he left them secretly, with the girl and her child on their hands. She was taken to the alms house.

At length, the persevering determination of a few, who, from good or bad motives, would not let the matter rest, has revealed him to be a villain of the blackest dye. He has been under the care of physicians in Pawtucket and Westboro' *for the foulest diseases!* He—a minister of the Gospel! preaching to an intelligent people within thirty miles of Boston!

The garment is stript off from his shoulders that hid his deformities. He must have revelled in sin—and even while standing in the sacred desk, praying to God, bore in his body the effects of disgusting licentiousness. The adventures of Stephen Burrill are not in some respects more distinguished.

The people of Westboro', of his society, are in great tribulation. Not many preachers are now willing to stand in the pulpit he has defiled. But they may blame themselves for much of their own suffering. They should not have settled him with so little knowledge of him. They should not have *glossed* over the first charge against him, heinous as it was—of seduction and adultery. And now that he stands well known in his crimes, why is he not instantly taken before the bar of earthly justice to answer for his enormities—that the wolf in sheep's clothing, may receive the punishment he deserves? The wretch has a wife and child.

BATTLE IN THE PARTITION WALL BETWEEN TIME AND ETERNITY.—The Philadelphia Ledger states that a general battle was fought in Ronald's burying ground on Sunday, between the sexton and his friends and some disorderly fellows who chose that day and that place for the purpose of raising a tumult.

The Cholera in Charleston is abating.

A little scene in New Way to Pay Old Debts, between Sir Giles and his daughter, where he exclaims upon the appearance of her dress and jewels, is, when personated as it was by Booth on Wednesday evening, alone worth double the price of a ticket.

ABOLITION.—The Charleston Mercury says that several copies of the Anti-Slavery Examiner have been received in that city by several gentlemen to whom they were directed, containing an 'inflammatory appeal to the people of the United States in behalf of the objects of their association.' It is signed by Arthur Tappan and others, and recommends raising a million of names to the petition for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia.

HOW WE APPLES SWIM.—The Portland Times says a steamboat is building at that place to run between there and Cape Elizabeth. Prithee tell us what fo , neighbor quill.

When the Constitution and Guerriere were going into action, the latter kept up a continual peppering, while the former, to the amazement of all on board the Guerriere, answered not a single shot. 'She'll strike without firing,' said all the sailors, except one old *tarry*, who significantly shook his head, and gruffly observed, 'The d—d Yankee knows what he's about.'

Where did the papers get the information that Jacob H. Edwards, the arrested fugitive, was the instigator of the escape from the State Prison? He had the credit of it as soon as it was discovered that they were gone.

DAMAGES LAID AT £1000. One farthing was recovered by Rev. Mr. Stretson of the editors of the London Morning Chronicle for a libel—being 999 pounds 19 shillings 11 pence and 3 farthings less than the damages laid. The article was headed 'Strange doings in the Church.'—It is a Lord Melbourne kind of an affair.

DESPATCH. On Friday afternoon when off Sequin, about 20 miles from Portland, one of the cranks of the Steamer Bangor was broken. The Engineer, Mr. Jas. Wright, a young man, but a master of his business, arranged to work the boat into port with one wheel, and in the meanwhile took out the useless piece of the machine weighing nearly a thousand pounds. It was put immediately on board the Portland and the next morning was in Boston. By nine o'clock in the evening a pattern had been taken—a mould made and another crank cast at Alger's foundry. By morning it was cool enough to be put on board of a stage and in that way reached Portland at two o'clock on Monday morning, and before night was in its place on board the boat ready for use.

There, brother editors of Bangor, can't you blackguard the Steamboat Company a little for this?

A man in a certain town in the County of Worcester, whose minister had just been dismissed for having a part of his children born from home, said that his minister, though of the Congregational order, must be a Baptist—for, said he, he constantly holds to 'close communion.'

HURRAH FOR 'LECTION.—It was muster at Gorham, a town somewhere in the State of Maine, yesterday. The *Portland* editors made a holiday of it, and declined publishing their papers.

ANTI EPAULETTE. The Greenfield Infantry met last week, for the choice of officers. They ballotted from one o'clock until sundown, with industrious perseverance, and unexampled unanimity and elected successively *twenty-five* captains, each of whom successively declined the honor, and the company was dismissed *sine die, sine duce.*—*Transcript.*

THE STEAMBOAT ROBBERY. From the best information we can get, says the Providence Courier of yesterday morning, the money must have been landed at Newport. There were nine men and three women landed from the boat there. Two of the men, strangers, carried on shore a large trunk. Two, whether the same or not, took the stage to Fall River. They had a large heavy trunk, so heavy that the driver demanded of them extra fare. At Fall River they took the New Bedford stage to Providence and arrived at the public house at the Rail Road Depot about 2 o'clock P. M. where they stopped. At the moment the steamboat Rhode Island was leaving the wharf for New York at 4 o'clock, they went on board for New York. Previously they had stated, they were going to Boston in the railroad cars, which left at the same hour.

LATER FROM EUROPE.—By the packet ship Pennsylvania, Captain Smith, we have London papers to August 23d, and Liverpool to the 24th, both inclusive.—*Journal Commerce.*

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 20th.

The warehouse of Messrs Sands, Hodson & Co. at Liverpool, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 16th, together with 1,000 bales of cotton, valued at £15,000.—Whole loss £20,000. The property was wholly insured.

The report of the death of Gen. Evans in Spain turns out to be incorrect.

The Constitution of 1812 has been proclaimed at Madrid—the Isturis ministry has fallen, and a new Ministry, headed by Calatrava, has been appointed in its stead.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 7th, 1836.

By yesterday's mail I sent you an outline of the horrid scenes of the previous night. You will find in the papers of our city this morning some further particulars of this sad catastrophe.

But by the silly conduct of the assailants, we are led to ask what was their real object in going to the house of the assailed Judge Bermudez. This is an interesting point of inquiry; and the following is, I think, the solution, altho' it is generally unknown here.

During the trial of Giquel, Judge B. presiding, the deceased and other young men continually met from evening to evening, augmenting their numbers, watching the process of the trial, and resolving that in the case of Giquel being admitted to bail, they would Lynch either him or the Judge.

On Monday night a large meeting was held, and it was determined to carry the project into execution on Tuesday night. After this meeting was closed and the greater part of the assembly dispersed, one of the young men soon returned and reported that Giquel had left the city. About twenty were remaining at the place where they had met.

They resolved that twelve of the number should get a vehicle and proceed immediately to overtake Giquel, and bring him back to the city. They obtained a carriage and proceeded to execute their plans; but when they arrived at the lower part of the city, they found it difficult to trace the object of their pursuit and halted. Feeling themselves commissioned with an important trust, they concluded to go to the house of the Judge, not far distant, with a view, as is supposed, of insulting and otherwise maltreating him. On their arrival, only three of their number approached the door, being the whole company, unarmed, it is believed, except a dirk or two. One of them tapping at the door, the Judge himself appeared, thinking it some of his friends, who had just left and were soon to return. Eagan first entered the door, and enquired if it was Judge Bermudez; and being answered by the Judge that it was, caught hold of him, and in the scuffle was run through entirely by the sword which the Judge had in his hand, or in some way procured during the scuffle. While this was going on, Bailey passed into the more private part of the house, and encountered the wife of the Judge and *young Mr Beauregard*, who shot Bailey through the body under the right arm, the wound proving mortal, and giving him time only to pass to the street door, when he fell. Eagan finding himself mortally wounded by the sword of the Judge, retired to the door, and fell across Bailey, and both instantly died. The other, a Mr Marchand, had entered the house and received a wound, it is said by the hand of the wife of the Judge; and on his escaping the door of the house and seeing Eagan and Bailey wounded and dying, he called out to the rest of the party, 'Come on, my *friends*; my companions are killed, dead, dead, dead.'

On *seeing and hearing this*, they took to their heels and ran away. Marchand *walked home*, holding his hand over the wound; it is said that he *is not dead* yet.

This account, I think, is true; as it affords the explanation otherwise as yet unaccountable to *us*, *of the entire want* of arrangement, preparation, plan of attack, and want of success, on the part of the assailants; and if true, it proves most clearly that there was no fixed intention of taking the life of the Judge.

One moral lesson from this tragical affair. Let persons beware how they presume to take the laws of the land into their own hands to administer them.

The three or four last attempts in this city are dreadful examples, viz. Brux, Bailey, Eagan, and Marchand.

FIRE.—A fire occurred Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, at Cambridge Port, which destroyed a dwelling house in Harvard street, occupied by Capt. Wheeler, and owned by Benj. Welles of Boston, together with a barn and contents, and most of the furniture of the house. An adjacent dwelling was considerably damaged. The fire broke out in the barn, where there was a boiler set to prepare food for pigs, owing to a defect in the chimney. Briggs says that Wheeler was not insured, and will lose $600.—All we know is that Capt. Wheeler is a hard-working, industrious man, and has lost his all. His neighbors have interested themselves in his loss, and opened a subscription for his benefit at the toll-house on the old bridge.—*Trans.*

$1000 REWARD. Capt Thayer of the steamboat Rhode Island has offered a reward of $1000 for the recovery of the gold, or in proportion for any part thereof.

ORDER OF PROCESSION for the Ceremonies on the 27th of September, 1836, occasioned by the decease of JAMES MADISON, formerly President of the United States.

Regiment of Light Infantry, under the command of Col. A. G. Smith:

Aid: City Marshal: Aid:

Marshal: Orator—Mayor—Chaplain: Marshal:

Committee of Arrangements:

Board of Aldermen and City Clerk:

Marshal: { President and Members of the Common Council, and Clerk: } Marshal:

Treasurer—Auditor—Solicitor—Superintendent:

Sheriff of Suffolk:

Marshal: His Excellency the Governor and Suite: Marshal:

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Council:

Marshal: { President and Members of the Senate, and Clerk: Speaker and Members of the House of Representatives, and Clerk: } Marshal:

Senators and Representatives in Congress in this and other States:

Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers:

Judges of the United States' Courts and Supreme Judicial Court:

Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and other Courts:

Attorney General—District Attorney—United States District Attorney:

United States Marshal:

Secretary, Treasurer, and Reporter of Commonwealth:

Clerks of State and United States Courts, and Register of Probate:

Marshal: { President, Professors, and Tutors of Harvard University: } Marshal:

Officers of the Army and Navy of the United States:

Society of Cincinnati:

Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution:

Strangers specially invited:

American Academy of Arts and Sciences;

Massachusetts Horticultural Society:

Government and Members of the Massachusetts Mechanic Association:

Collector, Post Master, Navy Agent, and other Civil Officers of the United States:

Foreign Consuls:

School Committee:

Primary School Committee:

Marshal: The Reverend Clergy: Marshal:

Overseers of the Poor:

Directors of the Houses of Correction, Industry, and Reformation:

Chief and other Engineers, and Officers of the Fire Department:

Wardens, Clerks and Inspectors of Wards:

Marshal: { Strangers not otherwise specially invited: Citizens. } Marshal:

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

BENJAMIN POLLARD, City Marshal.

☞ The procession will be formed at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and move from the Doric Hall of the State House down Park street, through Tremont to Court, down Court and State streets to Washington, through Washington to Milk street, down Milk to Federal street, and up Federal street to the Odeon.

BOWERY THEATRE BURNT.—We learn from the Journal of Commerce that a little after 5 o'clock on Thursday morning, the Bowery Theatre was observed to be on fire, which is supposed to have caught from the wadding of some guns which had been fired in the performances of the previous evening. It had gained an uncontrolable headway before it was discovered—so that in five minutes after the alarm was given, the flames burst through the roof, and all hope of extinguishing them was abandoned. The work of destruction was soon accomplished. Portions of the walls successively fell, but fortunately without doing material damage, except the portico in front, which fell unexpectedly, and wounded a number of persons, including one or more of the firemen. It is believed that none were killed. The building was among the largest in the city. The original edifice was erected in 1826, and burnt on the 28th May, 1828. The building now destroyed was commenced soon after, on an enlarged scale, and has stood about seven years. The loss of property is estimated at $75,000 to $100,000, a considerable part of which falls upon Mr Hamblin. There *had been* a small insurance on the building, but it expired a short time since, and was not renewed. All the scenery and wardrobe, valued at $20,000, were destroyed with the building. Nothing in fact was saved. We presume the Theatre will be rebuilt, but probably on a different site,—as it is a favorite project with many to extend Canal street to the Bowery, in which case it would pass over the very ground made vacant by this fire. Such an improvement is greatly needed.

A few hours after the fire, a young lad about seventeen years of age, named T. Parsons an apprentice of Benedict & Benedict of Wall street, went to the premises to view the ruins, and whilst doing so, a beam fell on his head and wounded him severely.

On the evening previous to the fire, one of the actresses, a Miss Waring, during the performance, fell from a platform, and was so severely injured that her life is considered in danger.

DISASTER.—English schooner Rising Sun, Sponagle, from Liverpool, N. S., for Boston, was upset by a squall on the 12th inst. and two men drowned. She was afterward fallen in with by a vessel from Bucksport, and towed into that port on the 17th inst.

MILITARY. The whole Regiment of the Boston troops will perform escort duty on Tuesday next, with the exception of the Boston Light infantry, who parade on Monday to partake of a dinner given by their gentlemanly captain, Ezra Weston—who takes leave of them on that occasion.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, of New York, cut her throat with a razor, and died. She was a native of England aged 45

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1836.

TO AUTHORS.

In the course of the last year the Publishers of the Galaxy offered sums as prizes for literary articles. The time fixed for their reception was the First of June of the present year, and the Publishers found to their regret that not a sufficient number had been received to authorise presenting them to a committee for judgment. Determined, however, to do all in their power to please our subscribers—determined to provide for the Galaxy the best literary articles which can be obtained, resolved to INCREASE THE SUM FORMERLY PROPOSED, in order that it may be considered an object for writers to compete for the prizes, and that better productions may be the result; we, therefore, offer a prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

for the best tale, TWENTY-FIVE for the second best, and TWENTY-FIVE for the best POEM.

The Manuscripts must be sent ☞ post paid, to the publishers, before the First of October next, at which time they will be handed to a Committee for their decision.

We also propose to send the Galaxy free to unsuccessful writers, whose productions may be deemed worthy of publication.

Boston, June 1, 1836.

SHYLOCK.—Shakspeare wrote the Merchant of Venice in an age when persecution in England was no killing matter morally, but very much so physically. The performance of the Merchant of Venice must have been vastly compatible to the fiery bigots, who seemed to imagine that Christianity was most honored by "knocking down and dragging out" the Infidel. Times have changed, and we trust that no enlightened man can now witness the acting of the Merchant of Venice without entire satisfaction. Poor Shylock stands before the spectators a wronged and injured man. We cannot be surprised that he is resentful toward Christians—or those who under the sanction of a religion of peace and love, vent their malignity and their rage upon all who differ from them in opinion. That Shylock is a miser and "takes a breed of barren metal" from his customers is certain—but that is no marvellous affair even in modern times and in this country. It is "because he is a Jew," that the believers in the religion of the country pour out their rage upon him, call him dog and trample him under their feet—for a mere difference in speculative opinions; as to those whose hearts are filled with malevolence, Christianity is nothing more than a speculative creed.—They might as well be Pagans, Atheists, or Mahometans, if they have not the *spirit* of Christ. A mere *belief* in a set of opinions is worth nothing, and it matters but little what those opinions are. Yet we are taught in the Play under consideration that a Jew should forgive every thing while a Christian should not even forgive a difference of opinion. Old Shylock states his grievances, and he states them well. We are not surprised that he thirsts for revenge. Antonio, himself, is one of the persecutors. It is nothing for an honest man to be insulted on every occasion—his face used for a spitting box—his domestic sorrows made food for public mirth—and himself banished from the respect of those among whom he resided. Wealth procured him no regard—his age won him no respect—his industry gained him riches—but his property was always at the mercy of the bigoted wretches among whom his lot was cast. It is said that "oppression drives a wise man mad"—then was there much excuse for poor Shylock. His resentment was natural and his revenge precisely what might have been expected. We know of no better name for the winding up of the play than *the triumph of Bigotry over unconquerable integrity.*

RIGHT OF PROPERTY.—A man of singular character was ill. His physician came with his nostrums; and the rich man asked him if they were all the products of his own country. The physician frankly confessed they were not. "Then," said the other, "I will not take them, for I believe that the Almighty has provided every country with roots and plants to cure the disorders incident to it. It cannot be necessary to bring medicines from a foreign land to cure the diseases of the natives." The doctor saw thro' the argument of his patient, and replied—"That would be very true, *if you* had never eaten or drank any thing excepting the productions of your native soil—but as you have used tea from India, coffee from the West Indies—and worn cloth manufactured in Europe, therefore your diseases also require medicines from other parts of the world." The doctor's argument was, of course, folly in answer to folly—but there is a way in which a kindred system of reasoning might be employed in sober earnestness. Men have need of many articles which they cannot manufacture themselves, and which they must procure from others. Now it requires some motive on the part of others to induce them to furnish the articles to their neighbors. The energy of man must become weakened unless there is something to set his faculties at work. Nothing is more calculated to do this than a knowledge that on his own exertion depends his chance of maintenance—that the acquisition of both necessaries and luxuries is within his reach. Were all things in common—was the agrarian system in operation, there would be no inducement to the great mass of mankind to employ their faculties for the benefit of the world in general. Ever thing in the busy world would become lax and monotonous. The selfish world do as little as possible for the general good; and there would be no end to the bickering and heart-burnings of mankind. Now a man's honest earnings are his own, hedged round about by the laws and the civil arm; and those who are poor are induced to qualify themselves for a struggle—to render themselves useful in order that they may live and live well. It may be said that the Shakers are a community who live in common. So they are—but they are like a corporation and wrestle with the world to enrich themselves. The various passions, desires, tastes, and habits of mankind sufficiently prove that this copartnership could not be general throughout the world. The right of property is sacred; and that is no government which does not defend it.

GETTING A WIFE.—Every man who has been married three months has discovered some fault in his wife. As soon as the fierce flame of passion begins to wane, and reason resumes her way, some deficiency is discovered in the being whom we once regarded as perfection itself. This is one strong argument for the high destiny of the immortal spirit. We seek *perfection*, and can be satisfied nothing short of it. Mere passion may be kindled by a trifle—a sweet voice, a bright eye, a well formed ankle, or a love lock of hair. But that deep-felt regard which survives the frost of years, requires something more. Instead of being captivated by one charm, there must not be one fault. One man complains to us, after having been married several years, that his wife cannot appreciate literary matters.—"Alas!" replies another—"my wife can place a just value upon mind and its productions, but she has no personal beauty." "She is large and ungain—her foot is itself a host, and she is deficient in those sprightly and feminine prettinesses which make other women appear so engaging in my eyes." Now the fact is, that we expect too much in the fair damsel that we lead to the altar. We shall not find perfection in anothing human, and we must endeavor to keep our eyes steadily fixed on the right side. The romantic youth finds a woman possessed of sentiment, intelligence and generosity, and is satisfied to make her his own even if she is deficient in beauty. He afterwards goes into the world, and finds that *friendship* is not dependent on sex. He discovers that men possess as much information, and as glowing thought as his chosen maid. He ridicules the idea of Platonic love, and discovers that while *friendship* is the offspring of congeniality of mind, there can be no *love* without personal attraction. Beauty is necessary to love.

☞The case of the Minister of the Gospel, which will be found under the head of "Thoughts &c." will be regretted by every reflecting mind for more reasons than the simple depravity of the man. It will give an opportunity to the enemies of religion to exult—and may, though it should not, injure the cause.

But it will have one good effect. It will teach the people over whom he had the charge, to be more wary in future in the choice of their religious teacher. There is not sufficient care exercised in the selection of ministers of the Gospel. How necessary is it that that those who are to lead others in the way of truth, should be shining lights, unimpeachable and full of wisdom—both earthly and heavenly.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

BALTIMORE, JULY, 1836.

I roused up at five A. M., 'apologizing to the bugs—who had been busily employed all night, and had just got into a snooze—for thus early disturbing them—put on a clean dickey, and prepared for a passage on board the steamer Ohio for Baltimore. The fare through to that city is four dollars and *not* found. The Ohio left the wharf at six o'clock, and carried us as far as New Castle, on the Delaware. There were several of my Boston friends on board, and I was introduced to a wealthy Southerner returning from a visit to the North. He expressed himself much delighted with Boston, and its notions *generally;* but there were *some things* he cursed in particular. Our excellent *smoke law* met with his special malediction—and 'Old Reed'—if the adjurations of the gentleman are granted—is certainly consigned to that region where there is no end to the dog-days, or in your own expressive language, '*where they don't rake up fires o' nights.*' It appears that this worthy functionary charged our Southerner the extremely moderate sum of *five dollars* for smoking a cigar in Tremont street. The enjoyment was hardly commensurate with the cost, and Southern liberality, so proverbial, was sorely tried;—but the lock-up in the fore-ground, and the Police Court in perspective—the lights and shadows being pointed out too by our American Vidocq with the matured taste of a connoisseur of long standing, were irresistible arguments, and with a hearty curse on all 'Revised Statutes,' the cigar was paid for. What a lesson for our balky friend, C. L. P****!

The *races* at Long Island, of which I have written you, I found was the true loadstone which had attracted the Southerner from his warm home in Georgia to the fickle climate of the North. And he was not the only one who had taken this lengthy journey for the same purpose;-there were hundreds from the Slave States present. Such is their enthusiasm for the turf! I cou'd almost believe that the souls of these gentry are made of horseflesh. The Georgian of whom I speak had risked much on the Southern horse, and had come off with but a few hundreds short of *fifteen thousand dollars* the gainer! And now a query for you, friend Harrington. Which most deserves the attention of the law,—the *poor man* that risks his last *sous* upon the pitching of a *cent*, or the haughty *legislator* who hazards his last *thousand* upon the 'wind and brush' of a bit of horseflesh? *Principle* would seem to say the *latter*, *practice* the *former*. The highborn jockey meets with a queer kind of punishment for his misdemeanor—hear it. Upon the arrival of the Hon. ****, M. C., who, for his *moral* and intellectual worth, is justly styled the 'Star of the South,' he was greeted with a highly enthusiastic reception by a numerous and respectable body of our citizens, a committee of which tendered the honorable gentleman a public dinner, which invitation was very politely accepted! The fiat of the *loafer* is somewhat more brief, and no editorial flourishes are wasted.—How full of meaning it is! 'Fined ten dollars and costs of Court, in default of which *was committed.*' Here is justice with a vengeance! And yet it will be ever thus, from this to all eternity. Never was there a more melancholy truism than 'might is right.' Hold forth *Equality* indeed! It is a virtue known only by hearsay, and never did or will exist in *this* world. It is as fabulous and empty as Jack Falstaff's *Honor*. The radicals have let loose their blood hounds, Mob and Riot—have shouted tally-ho, and are hunting this jack o'lanthorn. Much good may it do them!

At *Newcastle* we took seats in the cars of the Newcastle and Frenchtown Railroad. Poor road and worse cars. Passing thro' sixteen miles of the northern part of Delaware, the cars reached *Frenchtown* in Maryland in one hour and a quarter, which there is considered *expeditious travelling!* I'll bet all my old boots and shoes against little Frost's (of the Bangor Advertiser) brains, that I can *walk* faster than this locomotive *steamed* it. Steamboat George Washington took us from here to *Baltimore*, a distance of fifty-five miles, where we landed at two o'clock in the afternoon. It rained *torrents* when I reached *Philadelphia*, but here in *Baltimore* it was not torrents but regular built *cataracts*. I engaged lodgings at that highly respectable private boarding house, Mr. F——'s, and my portmanteau was duly toted thereto.

Friday morning I turned out after a very pleasant snooze, paid all manner of attention to a glorious breakfast, and took a walk around the outskirts of the city—visiting the Belvidere Cottage, Howard's Park, the Water Works, &c., a very pleasant jaunt. Howard's Park is the place where the Boston Fusiliers encamped while here, and a beautiful place it is too. Near by is one of those noble *monuments* for which Baltimore is so celebrated, and which give it the title of the 'Monumental City.

In the evening, in company with a select coterie of *Yankee* Baltimoreans, I dropped in at the *Holiday Street Theatre*—the outside of which was rather ordinary, but then the interior made amends for that. *Burton*, the comedian, was starring it there, and it was his benefit night. Although the drama is in general very poorly patronised in the 'City of Monuments,' or as I call it—the 'City of *Juleps*,' the worthy citizens prefering a circus or a julip and cigar at Beltzhoover's, yet on this occasion the beneficiary filled his pockets. The play, 'A Dream at Sea,' was acted rather decent than otherwise, Burton personating 'Tom Tinkle, the Village Muffin Man,' perfectly. In this cast I recognized two followers of the Sock and Buskin, who were graciously pleased to murder Shakespeare in our unfortunate city some two years since;—I mean Mr. *Senior* and Mrs. *Hughes*. You recollect them undoubtedly. I don't want to be severe upon any one, but must say that they are 'the *same old sixpences*. The dress circle was not so gay as those which the Tremont generally musters, and show less of the Milliners and Tailors' handiwork, from which I infer that Baltimoreans, unlike our Northern-ton, sometimes *pay* their tailors' bills, and doing so can hardly afford to dress so 'comme il faut,' [as an exquisite would say,] as those who live at *Snip's expense*. But success to tailors I say, and particularly to *my* tailor,—Charles Earle,—than whom a better never run shears through cloth, Stultz himself not excepted.

At the end of the second act I was attracted to the saloon of the *third row* by something that sounded very much like a row. A young Washingtonian was disputing with his *chere amie* upon the propriety (she being in duty bound devoted to him alone) of making her favors less public. Filled with indignation and brandy cocktail, the vexin frail one bestowed sundry and divers uninviting buffets upon his unwilling head, contrary to his expressed wishes, whereupon he incontinently knocked her down. This occasioned a hasty murmur among those who had fondly expected to profit by the fair termagant's wanderings from her liege lord, but quicker than the lightning's flash he out with 'a bare bodkin'—*anglice*—an evil disposed, ugly looking, twelve inch *bowie knife*, which in the forsaken lover's frequent flourishes, I was fearful might claim a closer acquaintance with my ribs than was absolutely necessary, and therefore, calculating the distance that a random lunge would take effect, I backed out five feet, Gunter reckoning. The desperate movement of J—'s [the Washingtonian,] quieted the murmurers, but you might see the hands of many slide into their bosoms in search of the murderous weapons which occasion the greater part of the mournings and murders at the South. The girl rose from the floor swearing deadly revenge, and left the saloon with a countenance signifying the hell itself was at work within her. The young man (of wealthy parents I believe) was much excited. In his own expressive words, he had lost his *fortune*—his *reputation*—and a *kind home for her sake*, and yet *he loved her still!*

Gladly escaping from this vile sink of iniquity, I made my way to a healthier spot in order to witness the remainder of the play. But there had been hardly row enough in the opinion of the *female* brawler, and at her wish Mr. S——, the actor, having *did* his character in the Melo Drama down-stairs, was for doing the same in a tragedy *up-stairs*, but did not make a *decided* hit, and was hissed off. In a word, he went up into the saloon, and representing himself as the redresser of injured innocence, he shot Mr. J— through—not the *head*—but the *hat*, and after some resistance was carried to the watch-house. 'So much for Buckingham!'

Saturday the rain kept me in the house reading Marryatt's 'King's Own.' R—— and P—— also engaged in reading—a precious trio—Sandwiches and 'Old Sherry' relievd the effect.

On Sunday afternoon, via the Ferry steamer, visited that very plausible humbug, the *Canton Land*, and found it as I expected, a very barren affair. A mint julep shop and a race course being its chief and only attractions. Monday, still raining. Have been hunting all the morning for some *Soft Crab*, esteemed a great delicacy here, and very seldom seen our way. Boiled Eggs too are all the go here. Indeed the Baltimorians branch out the heaviest kind on Boiled Eggs, Soft Crabs and Juleps; and the bar of every Hotel of any note, is profusely supplied with them.

Every little cookie is here called a *hotel*—expect it is done to evade some statute. Saw an oyster and julep stand about eight feet square, surmounted by a huge sign which announced it to be the *Liberty Hotel!* It would do our Knight of the Trowel, C——'s, heart good to behold the beautiful bricks they have here—and then their clean white marble steps attached to almost every house—and what is better than all, and more worthy of praise—their splendid imitation Granite—so exact that without a very close examination it is impossible to indentify it from our veritable Quincy.

Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, ensconced myself in a snug corner of one of the cars for Washington. After a dismal route of 38 miles, arrived at the Capitol.—Wending my way up the long flight of steps which ornament this huge mass of building, I gave a hasty look at the National paintings of the patriotic Trumbull, and passed into the House of Representatives where *Denny* of Pennsylvania was speaking.

Among the many familiar faces I saw there were those of Ex-President Adams and Abbott Lawrence. In the Senate Chamber, Col. *Benton* was holding forth in his *usual* stlye. Listened with commendable patience two or three hours, and then returned in search of a hotel and lunch. Engaged lodgings at Brown's, and took a stroll about the city. The walks around the President's House and the Capitol are splendid—a small idea of paradise;—and Pennsylvania is not bad, but with these exceptions, the city is rather 'small potatoes,' and reminds me of our *House of Correctionville*, or *South Boston*, as it is more generally styled.

At ten next morning went again to the two Houses of Congress. Nobody there barring some dozen little fellows, *pages* to the different branches. They were distributing pamphlets upon the desks of the members, and at the same time warmly and eloquently discussing the politics of the country, as much so indeed, as if the fate of the nation depended upon the issue. I would respectfully suggest to such *members* as are in the custom of boring their fellows with stale speeches, that they doff their nightcaps a little earlier than is their wont, and make a visit to the Capitol 'before hours,' incog, and I will guarantee that they shall collect more matter for a good speech on an *expected* question in one hour, from the arguments of the 'trotters,' than their own brains would procreate in a twelve-month. Indeed it is said of a certain New Hampshire senator, that he astonished the pages of the senate a short time since by an excellent written speech—the *best one he ever read*—which had proceeded *verbatim et literatim*, from the mouth of one of *their* body 'before hours.' This to say the least was a striking *coincidence*.

At eleven o'clock called at the 'White House'—sent up my card by that prince of porters, O'Neal, and in a few minutes was ushered into the presence of *President Jackson*. He received me, to all appearance, very cordially, and behaved very respectably. Leaving the President's House (not however until I had visited the handsomest rooms in the building) I called at the *War Office*, and saw the numerous Indian relics that are there collected.

At half past twelve visited the Senate—Vice President Van Buren was in the chair. What a comical looking little fellow our Vice President *is!* Mounted in his highbacked chair—dressed in the heighth of fashion—faultless dickey—laced wristbands—high-heeled boots and patent straps, no wonder that—combining as he does with these excellent qualifications—a smirking, killing smile for the ladies in the gallery, a loving twirl of his dapper red whiskers, and an inimitable flourish of his *quizzing glass*—no wonder I say that he should be popular. The Incendiary pamphlet Bill was on the carpet, and called forth the mighty eloquence of Calhoun, Grundy and Buchanan in its favor, and that of Webster, Clay, and Davis in opposition. I listened greedily for three hours, (they seemed but so many minutes,) and was then obliged to hurry down to the cars for Baltmore. I lost my dinner, but the intellectual treat I had met with was worth a dozen dinners.—Arriving at the depot just in season, I jumped into the cars, and in three hours was at my lodgings in Baltimore.

Some barefooted enthusiasts of this place attempted a grand illumination last night, in honor of the Texan victory. A grand procession of the mobocracy—about two hundred—was formed,—each having a blazing ha'penny candle tied to a lath elevated above the head. Preceded by a drum, fife, and a dozen tin kettles, they marched proudly on, conscious patriotism and brandy cocktail swelling every bosom. In their centre 'on high uplifted,' hung the *effigy* of that unlucky wight, *Santa Anna*, which it was their purpose to burn. Whether or not this praiseworthy intention was abortioned by the police, I have yet to learn. Thursday morning walked out to see the Markets. The style of marketing is different from that practised in our city. The markets are situated in different sections, and each has a particular day of the week for *market-day*, and is empty the rest of the week. The buildings are long, low, black-looking concerns, to which Faneuil Hall Market is a palace in comparison. The market men from the adjacent country towns bring in their loads of produce the evening previous to the sale—drive up to the Market House—untackle their horses, slightly fastening them to prevent their wandering—give them their fodder, and then after thus seeing their cattle well cared for—wrap themselves up in their great coats, and sleep upon the spot till morning. This is done for the purpose of being 'on hand' early. The *ladies* her as in Philadelphia, have put one leg into the breeches and do their own marketing. It was market day with the section where I quartered, and I essayed hard to penetrate the crowd of purchasers with which the market was flooded, but it was almost impossible—part of the stalls are kept by *female* hucksters and the jabbering they and their myriads of customers kept agoing out Babel'd Babel.

You can walk hardly ten rods in Baltimore without seeing those old fashioned watchmen's Boxes—such as were used formerly in your city. This is rather an uncouth feature, but then it speaks well for the liberality of the city executive. Boston watchmen (!) are obliged to snooze in a corner or on a door-step, and if they do get into a sound sleep, it is but for an hour or so, and they are liable to catch cold by the night air, or awakened by the rude hums of a bacchanalian. *Here* secure from these inconveniences, the *watchful* Charlies snooze and snore in quiet.

Baltimoreans are a glorious people. I never saw so many pretty women in one place as there are in Baltimore—and so amiable as they are pretty. I boarded with three of them, and had excellent opportunities of judging. The men are open hearted, high-minded and generous. I enjoyed myself very much in this city, and felt rather averse to leaving the amiable family with whom I boarded; but on Friday morning at six o'clock, I bade adieu to all, and departed (via the steamer Constitution) bag and baggage for Philadelphia.

MOSSIE.—This gentleman has had good houses while he has peformed in Boston. His entertainments are of such a nature as to delight every one—to please and also to instruct. His imitations of great men condense all their peculiarities, and show us the varieties of eloquence while his improvisations astonish at the fertility of his imagination and command of language.

Gilman of the BANGOREAN wishes us to state that our views of Bangor were not formed on any information furnished us by him. There is no need of it, neighbor, we have eyes, ears and an opinion of our own, and courage enough to express that opinion, if opinion be necessary.

POACHING.—We have once or twice had to notice the practice of some of our exchanges, who purloin articles from the Galaxy, and give no credit. All the short pieces or scraps in our paper, which are not credited to any other journal, are *our own*, and should be credited to this paper. We do not lead our miscellaneous original matter, in order that we may be able to insert a greater quantity. We hope this thing will be attended to in future.

☞The burning of the Bowery Theatre will throw a large company out of business now that the Theatrical season is commenced, and the companies about the country filled. It will not be long, however, before Hamblin will be on his legs again.

☞The length of the letter from our correspondent which will be found to be very interesting, excludes the usual quantity of miscellaneous Editorial matter.

THE DRAMA.

THE NATIONAL—MR BOOTH.—Much has been said of the decline of the drama—and, the gloomy croakers predict that the high and palmy condition of the stage is past forever. It may be so—but while we possess the elements of histrionic excellence in our own nature, we cannot with certainty set limits to the possible developement of that nature—but we are not in the field of dissertation and recur to the subject of our artible. Mr Booth has imperfections and high as he stands, the eagle eye of criticism may reach him. But we do not commence in the censorious vein, and if any thing derogatory to *perfection*, in this distinguished tragedian should creep into our comments, let it not be 'set down as malice'. As an actor, Booth was not sent into this breathing world before his time—with a face that at times weaves a spirituality of passion, he unites a voice of uncommon melody and exquisite modulation. Need we the verse "Why I can smile" &c. to illustrate Shakspeare's meaning, while the incarnate expression stands before us? There is very little of a pure *guttural* character in Booth's voice, as exhibited in Richard, and probably he does not possess the quality in any remarkable degree. This in many cases might be considered a natural deficiency, but we are constrained to believe, that that clear, subdued, plaintive *orotund*, to borrow Rush's tecnicology, is more effective, and appeals more directly to the soul. Our readers may remember the deep, well sustained undertones for which Forrest is so distinguished—let him note all passages wherein strong reverential feeling, supplication, penitent humility, or tender pathos is embodied and in most cases, the latter will employ a guttural, the former the orotund.

Booth knows intimately every angle in his own citadel from buttress to battlement—and the peculiar fitness of his voice for the sneer, lends to his general acting, in characters to which the remark may apply, in a kind of sneering aspect—he will be gentle indeed, but hellishly sarcastic, when other performers intermingle the harshness of passion. Witness, for instance his—"He shall die—and before thy face,' or something like, in Pescara—his "I'll have her—but I'll not keep her long" in Richard—and 'so wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long"—and so on.

'With such skill does Booth employ his voice, that, saving a certain mellowness which it acquires, it remains clear and unimpaired to the close of the performance—it thus retains its exquisite susceptibility of modulation, and gives no offence from lack of spirit, and delicate variety. We may here remark, that Mr Booth cannot escape the charge of an occasionally gross affectation of true—a prolongation of the consonant elements, which imparts to the expression an exceedingly disagreeable and sometimes ludicrous effect.

"A thousand hearts are swelling—ng—ng—ng in this bosom," Such a prominent defect, since it can be easily, should in our humble opinion, be speedily remedied. But perhaps even Booth's faults are *sanctified*—and converted by a reflected splendor into beauties, even like the *follies* of Paul Clifford whose robberies were nothing criminal, since they were perpetrated in a *gentlemanly* manner, and did not violate the proprieties of etiquette.

In Booth's most extravagant outbursts of passion, there is a temperance which gives it smoothness—he seems to condense within himself those volcanic fires of feeling which in other actors are continually blazing forth in raging fury. In the one case the red-hot lava glows thro' its transparent incrustation as it heaves and boils within its prison-house—the other wastes *itself* in air, by *its* unrestrained eruption, and seems to leave behind only an empty shell.

Of this distinguished tragedian it may be said, and not in disparagement of many other histrionic luminaries, his elocution is the least faulty model for the imitation of the student, that our stage can produce. The lights and shades of his intonation—the judicious and powerful use of the slur—the delicate analysis, by which the drift of the most complicated passages is presented in a clear and well-defined outline, in short, the general propriety of the whole, cannot be too much commended—and yet we have seen Booth's Hamlet, the most uncomely pattern both in reading and action, that ever saluted our eyes. Anything but the "glass of fashion and the mould of form."

"May we in conclusion, ask of Mr Booth, why in Richard he invariably reads this—

"Slave; I have set my life upon a cast,
And I *will* stand the hazard of the die."

Why the marked and startling emphasis upon *will?* and once more pardon our impudence, whether in the "My kingdom for a horse." a subdued tone, as in a fervid ejaculation, would not develope a more consistent and effective meaning! It is not to be supposed that Richard meant to proffer his crown in exchange for a steed—then, the exclamation could only have been an explanation of ardor and impatience.

We have indulged the hope that, during his present engagement, Mr Booth may play Othello—there are some passages in that character which we are inclined to believe he alone can appropriately deliver.

☞Booth at the National, next week.

[illegible]

AMERICAN MONTHLY.—The September number is before us. The first article is a criticism upon Willis—which has been universally condemned by the press, and individuals in the most severe language, and justly so. The writer commences by the remark that no true criticism has yet appeared of Mr. Willis on either side of the water—gives the reader to understand that he is now to be justly treated, and then goes on with a profusion of scurrility, abuse, envy and puerile wit, disgraceful to the Magazine and to American Literature. Mr Willis' faults are exaggerated—his beauties denied. Otherwise the number is a good one.

TALES OF FASHION AND REALITY—by Miss Caroline Frederica Beauclerk, and Miss Mary Angelina Beauclerk—dedicated to the Dutchess of Saint Albans, by her affectionate cousins, the authoresses—Cary & Hart, Phil.—for sale by the American Stationer's Company,—Decidedly the worst book we ever saw. We should imagine the Misses Beauclerk to be about ten years of age, and even then somewhat defective in the upper regions.

MAMMON—or Covetousness the Sin of the Christian Church. A prize essay, by Rev. John Harris, has been elegantly printed by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, of this city.

LITTLE'S MUSEUM, and the Metropolitan, with the Ladies Magazine, are on our table.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. We are exceedingly happy to learn that Mr. Jordan of this city has been appointed agent of this most valuable Magazine—whose criticisms are so just, and whose matter is so generally excellent. We hope that we have citizens who will feel sufficiently their own good to subscribe therefor.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rt Rev Bishop Griswold, Joseph P. Morton, of Louisville, Ky, to Harriet Griswold, daughter of the Rt Rev Bishop.

In this city, by Rev Mr Himes, Henry M. Goodwin to Lucy Jenkins.

By the Rev Mr Taylor, Thomas S. Barry, of Liverpool, N S, to Sophia Haskell, of Boston.

By Rev Dr Lowell, Edward T. Edmands, of Charlestown, to Mary J. Cass, of Boston.

In this city, William B. Child, of Cambridge, to Caroline Ann Albett, of Boston.

By the Rev Mr Hamilton, Josiah A. Smith to Miss Eliza Stevens.

On Sunday evening, John Wright to Mrs Sarah Maria Gilbert.

On Sunday morning, Joseph Clapp, of Weymouth, to Susan Adlington, of Boston.

On 7th inst, George Newell to Mrs Mary Lawrence both of Medfield.

At Charlestown, John Stevens Esq, editor of the 'Cross and Baptist Journal,' Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mary Arnold; Rev Joseph T. Massey, of Bellingham, Mass, to Catharine P. Arnold, daughters of the late Deacon Wm Arnold, of C.

At Providence, R I, John a Buffinton, of Smithfield, to Ann Eliza W. C. Bosworth, of P.

At Portsmouth, J. Warren Beard, Esq, of Brunswick, Me, to Mary A. Todd.

At Bradford, Charles B. Poor, of this city, to Miss Almira Buswell.

At Hartford, Ct, Rev Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, of Albany, to Catharine Ledyard, daughter of the late Mason F. Cogswell, M. D.

At Wilmington, Vt, Thomas Cassady, of Boston, to Sarah P. daughter of Hon J. Hall, of W.

At Worcester, Charles C. Chamberlain, of Bangor, to Cordelia M. Felton.

At Brunswick, Me, Elias D, Pierce Esq, merchant, to Mary A. Beard.

At New York, Benj Folsom, of Limerick, Me, to Hannah Wilkinson, formerly of Providence.

At Washington, Edward D. Ingraham Esq, of Philadelphia, to Caroline S. Barney, daughter of John Barney Esq, of Baltimore.

At Washington, Charles C. P. Barnard, of Boston, to Mrs Eliza Ann Bowen.

DEATHS.

At East Boston, Miss Angelina H. Riggs, 25.

At Charlestown, Sam'l Skilton, 56.

At Roxbury, Eliza Ann, youngest child of George and Charlotte Titcomb, of Boston, 1 year.

At Milton, Noah Reed, 77.

At Watertown, 17th inst, Mrs Mary H. wife of Amos Wheeler, 58.

At Chelsea, on Sunday morning, Mrs. Sarah Ann Welch Hanners, wife of Mr. S. W. A. Oliver, and daughter of Mr. Benjamin Hanners, of this city, aged 20 years;—on the 17th, Samuel Benjamin, child of Mr. S. W. A. Oliver, aged 4 days.

At West Cambridge, George Humphrey, youngest son of Samuel Wyman, deceased, 22 mos and 9 days.

At [illegible], Rev Jotham Waterman; he was a graduate of Harvard University.

At Leyden, 11th inst, Benjamin Morgan, M. D. in his 84th year, in which town he had lived and practised medicine for more than 50 years.

At Ashby, Mrs Julia, wife of Eben Bird, formerly of Needham, 68.

At Taunton, Sarah Eliza, youngest child of Gustavus and Eliza Horton, of Boston, 1 year.

At Brattleboro', Vt, Mrs Eunice Fullerton, wife of Geo R. French, formerly of Boston, 20.

At Philadelphia, Wm Carel Brewster, M.D. 30.

At Galena, Illinois, 16th ult, John H. son of Hon J. H. Cotton, of Windsor, Vt.

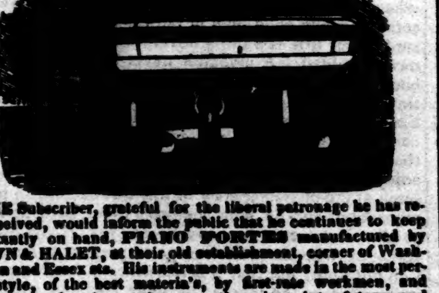
At New Orleans, Aug 29, James M. Lane; Sergeant U S Marines, of Boston.

At Cincinnati, James Cutter, 49.

At New Echota, Cherokee Nation, 15th ult, Mrs Harrison, wife of Elias Boudinot, native Indian missionary, 35, formerly of Cornwall, Ct.

Lost overboard from barque Leonidas, arrived at this port, on her passage from Hamburg, Joseph W. Perry, seaman, of Portland.

At sea, on board U S ship Boston, Aug 25, Passed Midshipman Joseph R. Brown, son of the late Capt Thos Brown, of the U S Navy, 26.



THE Subscriber, grateful for the liberal patronage he has received, would inform the public that he continues to keep constantly on hand, PIANO FORTES manufactured by BOWN & HALET, at their old establishment, corner of Washington and Essex sts. His instruments are made in the most perfect style, of the best materials, by first-rate workmen, and are warranted to be equal to any others in point of tone and freedom of action and style, and will bear examination; and he is willing they should stand upon their own *merits*. He pledges himself to make good instruments, and will abide by the unbiassed judgment of Professors, whose scrutiny he solicits. The instruments will be sold at the lowest cash price. All orders from abroad shall be executed as faithfully as if the person purchasing came to the Factory. The Pianos can be so packed as to be sent to any part of the country in perfect safety. Ladies and gentlemen are invited to 'drop in' and look before they purchase elsewhere.

SILAS ALLEN, JR.

S. A. has now some new patterns, *entirely original*, of the most superb style and finish, of high cost, just completed; and amateurs of music, who are fond of sweet toned instruments, the Ladies particularly, are invited to call and examine them for a few days, before they are removed from the ware-rooms.

s17 istf

PRINTING MATERIALS FOR SALE.

FONTS of Pica; Small Pica; Long Primer; Bourgeois; Brevier; Minion; Nonpareil; 20 line Pica; 14 do; 12 do; 10 do; 8 do; 6 do; 5 do; 4 do; &c, &c, not half worn, and are offered low. Old Type will be taken in payment.

Also, Chases; Brass and Wooden Galleys; Type Cases; Column Rules; Pressing Papers, and other materials. Apply to

I. R. BUTTS, No 2 School-st.

s10 h—gtf

JUST RECEIVED

BY JOHN H. GEUSH, 251 Washington street, a good assortment of Shell and Horn Combs.

Also, English Dressing and Ivory Combs; French and English Hair and Clothes Brushes; Pocket Books; Card Cases; Chinese Gammon and Chess Boards; Tea Caddies; Steel, Ivory and Ebony Screw Cushings; Inlaid Shell and Scotch Snuff-boxes; Cigar Cases; Plaques; Silver Pencil Cases; Toothpicks; Thimbles; Scissors; Razors; Knives; Ivory Fans; Toothbrushes; German, French and American Cologne and other perfumeries.

Also, a few cases India Toys; Baskets; Fans and a variety of Fancy Goods too numerous to mention.

jy 15 g—istf

DR. WILLIAM INGALLS, JR.

ROOM AT

NO. 6 SOMERSET PLACE.

jy 13 h—g6m

SUPERIOR FLUTE.

ONE of Drouet's best Cocoa Flutes, with eight silver elastic stopper keys, silver mountings of beautiful finish, silver bones to keys, with double action springs; silver plates to foot keys; button and slide covered with silver, with best fitted case, cleaner, &c.

Also, a general assortment of Cocoa and Boxwood Flutes, with from one to eight keys, Ivory and Silver tipped, in Mahogany and Rosewood cases; Clarionets, B C and E, with from five to twelve keys; Royal Kent Bugles, with from six to nine do; Trombones; Bassoons; Bass Horns, &c, &c, all of which are warranted correct and of fine tone. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices, at the Music Saloon, Nos 34 & 36 Cornhill (late Market-st) Boston.

s27 istf

HANDKERCHIEFS

READY hem'd for use, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 13 Washington-st. J 29

WARREN.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE RE-ENGAGEMENT OF MR BOOTH

MR PELBY AS OTHELLO

ON MONDAY EVENING, Sept 26,

Will be performed Shakspeare's Tragedy of

OTHELLO!

Othello,	Mr PELBY.
Iago,	Mr J B BOOTH.
Cassio,	Mr W H Smith
Desdemona,	Mrs Anderson.

A Fancy Dance by Miss Fox

To conclude with the Military Drama, called the

INVINCIBLES!

Or, the Little Corporal.

Capt Flerville,	Mr Kinsman
Victoire,	Mrs W H Smith.

☞A limited number of SEASON TICKETS may be had by application at the Box Office.

PRICES: Boxes 75 cts; Third Tier 50; Pit 37 1-2; Gallery 25. **Doors open at 1-4 before 7; Performances commence 1-4 after 7.

A CARD.

MR COMER respectfully informs his friends and the public that, having unfortunately met with so severe an accident as to deprive him of the honor of appearing before the public for a long period, he is induced, at the request of many of his friends, to give a CONCERT. He therefore begs leave to state that on *SATURDAY EVENING*, Oct 8, will be given a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at the MASONIC TEMPLE, when will be performed selections from the highly attractive Opera of 'La Sonnambula,' in which the celebrated Phantom Chorus will be sung with principals and full chorus. Further particulars in due time. Tickets 50 cents.

s23 istO8

REDWOOD'S COMPOUND RHUBARB CORDIAL.

Used in all the English and French Hospitals, and approbated by the College of Physicians and Medical Schools of both countries.

FOR Dysenteries, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Costiveness, Cholic, Fever and Ague, Headache, Flatulence, Gout, Rheumatism Nervous Complaints and all Impurities of the blood.

This medicine operates as a gentle purgative, so much so, that it may be given to infants, and females under the most delicate circumstances with perfect safety; it is accompanied with a quality which makes it set easier on the stomach than most other purgatives, it restores and revives the animal spirits, invigorates the system and cleanses the stomach and bowels of those morbid humors which cause indigestion, headache and all those disorders above enumerated. In cases of Diarrhea and pains in the bowels it is confessedly superior to all other remedies in the world.

It is one of those useful articles of medicine, that no prudent family should be ever destitute of. It is so pleasant to the taste that no child will reject it.

Price $1 pr bottle, containing a pint.

Sold at the corner of Milk and Bath streets, Boston.

s15 is

BOSTON ACADEMY,

No. 2 AMORY HALL,

(*Corner of Washington and West Streets.*)

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PENMANSHIP taught on the best principles.

Classes in session, morning, afternoon and evening.

MESSRS. RICHARDSON & STRATTON, in presenting their claims to the public attention, cannot offer any royal or novel system for their patronage, by which bad writers are made accomplished penmen in the course of a few hours or even minutes—they are aware that 'the age of miracles is past, as well as the days of chivalry.' They pretend not to effect any more than science and experience can accomplish—but with THESE means they hope to impart as much benefit to their pupils, and effect as great improvements as have ever been attained in their profession.

Their system of instruction is intended to combine the two opposite but important advantages, in the mode by which writing is performed—the effective, rapid extension and inflection of the fingers, as well as the movement of the whole arm.

They have concentrated the too generally diffused principle in the most plain and perspicuous form, consistent with the practical advantage of the student; they have endeavored to adopt the 'happy medium' in avoiding the Scylla and Charybdis. The dull, slow progress of the *vieux regime*, and the fatal rapidity of the new chain lightning styles. They flatter themselves they can offer to the public some new and ingenious methods for the illustration and tuition of *Ornamental Penmanship*.

ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP, of all descriptions, on reasonable terms.

☞Designs drafted, perpetual Engine and Club Rolls, Diplomas, Certificates and Albums executed, and Ornamented.—Cards, &c. written.

TESTIMONIALS.

Testimonials of approbation, etc. have been received from the following gentlemen: Rev W. S. Croswell; Hon H. G. Otis; Rev Dr Sharp; Rev Chas F. Barnard; Rev Dr Tuckerman; Joseph V. Bacon Esq; G. F Thayer Esq; Rev J. J. Janeway, D. D.; Rt Rev Bishop Brownell; Hon Thomas Day, Sec. St Con; Isaac P. Townsend Esq; Messrs Homes & Homer.

jy 14 1mis

A LARGE STOCK OF NEW GOODS, AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street, has now open, a large assortment of English and French Goods, of the best styles, consisting in part of—

Double faced English fig'd Silks, best quality, all colors;
do do do low priced, do;
Rich large fig'd French do do;
Wide jet and blue blk do, super quality;
Italian Lustrings;
Gro de France and Gro de Swiss;
Pou de Soie; Gro de Naples, blks and colors;
Blue blk Turc Satins, for Cloaks;
Fig'd and plain Satins;
Do do Poplins, a brilliant and durable article for Cloaks, Pelisses and Dresses;
Blk and col'd Velvets;
Damask fig'd Merinos, very choice colors, best quality;
Thibet Merinos, do do;
Cheap English Merinos and Camblets;
An elegant assortment of Challies, with satin plaids and Stripes;
Blk and col'd Alepines, dark shades;
Cashmere Cloak Patterns, new and rich styles, at a low price;
7-8 and 4-4 Chenille Shawls, splendid patterns;
6, 7 and 8-4 Edinboro' Shawls, richly filled centres, with various col'd grounds;
Highland Plaid Shawls, largest size, best patterns;
Printed Velvet Shawls, new style, low prices;

A very large assortment of Rich French and English Prints, with a variety of other seasonable Goods, at the lowest prices.

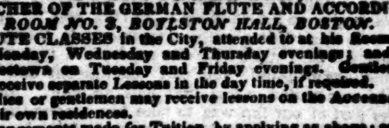
s14 3w

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

DR. KING continues to prepare and affix to buildings his improved Lightning Conductors—they are approved by all practical Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old round form. Numbers of scientific gentlemen in Boston and its vicinity, have had them affixed by him to their mansions and other buildings, among them he will name those of President Quincy, Professors Webster and Peckin, of Harvard University, and Gov Lincoln, of Worcester. They are likewise highly recommended by Professor Silliman in his much esteemed lectures on Chemistry, lately delivered in Boston. Gentlemen intending to have Conductors are invited to his rooms, No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may see the superior effect, of his rods illustrated. He continues to manufacture and has on hand large Plate Electrical Machines of superior powers, also Cylinders, large and small Galvanic Batteries, Electro Magnets and their apparatus—warranted of the best workmanship. He lately constructed for Professor Silliman the largest Galvanic Deflagrator ever made. Gentlemen arriving in Boston to purchase such articles, would do well to call before they buy. His prices will be accommodating for cash or approved credit.

N. B.—Dr King is not in partnership with any one.

jy 18 6m



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TEACHER OF THE GERMAN FLUTE AND ACCORDION.

ROOM NO. 3, BOYLSTON HALL, BOSTON.

FLUTE CLASSES in the City, attended to at his Room, on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings; and at Charlestown on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Gentlemen may receive separate Lessons in the day time, if required.

Ladies or gentlemen may receive lessons on the Accordion, at their own residences.

Arrangements made for Tuition, by applying as above; at Mr Blake's Music Store, 417 Washington-st, or at the Book and Music Store of Mr Rodenburgh, 12 Charlestown Square.

s7 3m

SILVER SPOONS, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

A GOOD assortment of Silver and Plated Spoons just finished. Also, just received a good assortment of Silver and Steel Bowed Spectacles, with plain and colored glasses. Also, Jet Emamelled, and Gilt Plaques, Buckles, Fancy Boxes, Buttons, &c. All of which will be sold as cheap as can be bought in any other store in the city, at 34 Hanover street, next door above the Earl Coffee House, by WILLIAM PRATT.

une 25

FRANCIS BRINLEY JR & CHARLES GERMAN

COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

BANGOR, ME.

REFER TO:

Messrs. R. A. & W. Winchester,
Faulkner & Reed,
Wm C. Stimpson & Co,
Thomas A. Dexter Esq,
Henry H. Huggeford Esq.

s 6ptm

MATTHEW BIRD,

CABINET MAKER, informs his friends and the public, that he has taken Shop No 9 Devonshire street, 2d story, where he will attend to all kinds of Repairs of Furniture, &c. Jobbing of all kinds personally attended to.

M. B. has now on hand a prime assortment of Box Wood, suitable for engraver's blocks, which he will cut to any pattern at short notice. 3m istf

WATCHES.

WILLIAM PRATT, No. 34 Hanover street, has just received a variety of patterns of English and French Watches, consisting of patent Levers, Gold and Silver Lepines and the more common Watches.

Also, for sale, a good assortment of Jewelry, Silver and Plated Spoons, Spectacles, Fancy Goods, &c. &c.

N. B.—Old Watches taken in exchange for new.

8 istf

PARTRIDGE'S ORIGINAL LEATHER PRESERVATIVE,

OR OIL BLACKING—for Carriage and Chaise Tops; Harnesses; Thorough Braces; Boots and Shoes; Forge Bellows; Engine Hose; Factory Bands; and Leather exposed to the action of frost or wet. It renders Leather impenetrable by water, soft and elastic in any weather or climate, and much more durable. As a substitute for Oil, it will be found not only much better in its effects, but much cheaper, as the quantity required is less and the effect more lasting. The only original article is sold by RALPH SMITH, (one of the proprietors) 17 Exchange street, Boston, and by JOHN H. ROGERS, No 20 Court street, agent for proprietors.

☞The highest recommendations from the most respectable persons (who have long used it) accompany each canister.

s10 1m

SELECTED POETRY.

THE WISH.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Come to me when my soul
With but a few dim hours to linger here:
When earthly chains are as a shrivelled scroll,
Oh let me feel thy presence! be but near!

That I may look once more
Into thine eyes which never changed for me;
That I may speak to thee of that bright shore
Where, with our treasure, we have longed to be.

Thou friend of many days!
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth!
Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise
The trembling pinions of my hope from earth?

By every solemn thought
Which on our hearts hath sunk in days gone by,
From the deep voices of the mountains caught,
Or all the adoring silence of the sky:—

By every solemn theme,
Whereon in low-toned reverence we have spoken;
By our communion in each fervent dream,
That sought from realms beyond the grave a token:—

And by our tears for those
Whose loss hath touched our world with hues of death;
And by the hopes that with their death repose,
As flowers await the south-wind's vernal breath:—

Come to me in that day—
The one—the severed from all days—O friend!
Even then, if human thought may then have sway,
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend.

Nor then, nor there alone;
I ask my heart if all indeed must die;
All that of holiest feelings it hath known?
And my heart's voice replies—Eternity!'

[From the Court Magazine.]

'TIS OVER NOW!

'Tis over now! 'tis over now!
The word was said and hope was gone:
Despair sat brooding on her brow,
She knew, she felt she was *alone!*
Alone!—he said he'd never part,—
He smiled, and she believed his smile:
She gave him all a fond girl's heart,
She clasped his hand, nor dreamt of guile!
'Tis over now! 'tis over now!

'Tis over now! 'tis over now!
She never deemed that voice so dear,
Which oft to her pledged-fond love's vow,
Would pour that vow in other's ear:
She never feared that that dark eye,
Which beamed so oft with love's own ray,
As if that ray could ne'er pass by,
Could *calmly, coldly*, turn away!
'Tis over now! 'tis over now!

'Tis over now! tis over now!
The heartless farewell speech she heard,
The cold dew stood upon her brow,
Her white lips whispered not a word!
Upon his parting form she gazed,
With motionless and tearless eye!
He passed!—the once bright eye was glazed,
The heart was still!—she could but die!
'Tis over now! 'tis over now!

OLD VERSIONS OF THE PSALMS.

The following verse is from a version by Archbiship Parker:

'Who sticketh to God in stable trust
As Sion's mount he stands full just,
Which moveth no whit, nor yet can reel,
But standeth forever, as stiff as steel.'

A part of the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm has been thus versified:

'If I forget thee ever
Then let me prosper never,
But let it cause
My tongue and jaws
To cling and cleave together.'

This is from a translation by Mr. Hayter in 1642:

'The righteous shall his sorrow scan
And laugh at him, and say Behold!
What has become of this here man
That on his riches was so bold.'

The following is the beginning of the Acts of the Apostles, versified by Christopher Tye in the time of Edward VI.

'In the former epistle to thee
Dear friend Theophilus,
I have written the veritie
Of the Lord Christ Jesus.'

MISCELLANY.

BROOKS'S LETTERS.—NO. LXXVII.

NAPLES, November, 1835.

One is amused now and then in Europe by the odd specimens of his countrymen that he meets abroad.—One night I was walking in the streets of Rome, with my travelling companion, when a man speaking English came up and addressed him as an acquaintance with a 'Good God, how happy I am to see you!—I am dying here alone.' 'These fellows here can't understand a word I say, and I can't understand a word of theirs.' 'How did you get here?' 'Where did you come from?' What a thing it is to be in a country where you can't talk, and where you can't understand! 'I want to go to Naples, and I cry, '*Naples*,' and they cry '*no*'; but what the devil they mean, is more than I can tell.' Really, I said to myself, this poor man is in a sad situation. I don't blame him for being over-rejoiced to see an acquaintance of his, especially one who speaks a language he can understand. We took him to our hotel, and as this had been the first opportunity he had had for a long time to open his mouth, I was astonished by his volubility. We installed him in a chamber by our side. But we soon found we had discovered a droll companion. A picture gallery he would finish up at a single glance. One stride through the Vatican, and all the Vatican was seen—the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, the glorious and gorgeous rooms, the works of Raphael, and Angelo, and Domenichino, and all! We wearied him to death in the Museum of the Capitol. The Dying Gladiator, the delicate and chaste embracing of Cupid and Psyche—nothing could make him halt before it. Before we would have finished one room, he would have traversed all, with the keeper at his heels, wondering what manner of a wild man this was, who was thus striding by the shining fragments of august antiquity. 'Beautiful,' 'magnificent,' 'grand,' 'sublime,' were his standing adjectives, and he applied them to every thing, without reference to thing, time, or place. St. Peter's with one stride, and repeated exclamations of 'grand,' 'sublime,' 'magnificent' and 'beautiful,' was visited in less than half an hour. But the chief part of our fun was to take him among the ruins of Rome, the huge incoherent masses of brick, and to show him them. Nothing on earth was such a bore to him as these old bricks. We hunted for relics of marble for hours in the wilderness of the palace of the Caesars, and he, poor man, was bored to death. We mounted the lofty walls of the Coliseum, and took him along with us over arch and battlement, so that all Rome could be seen, but, nevertheless, we bored him to death. We studied out the *Meta* and *Spina* of the Circus of Romulus as illustrations of the ancient chariot races, but he saw nothing but weeds and desolation there, and the same everlasting bricks. The awful history of the Roman Forum never awakened him, and all he saw was the cattle about there, and the chained convicts 'digging holes under ground,' as he termed it. Here in Naples to-day, we burst forth in a roar of laughter at one of his speeches, for while we were studying the celebrated group of what is called the Farnese Bull, he had finished all the rows in the vast gallery of the *Museo Borbonico* above us, and when we asked him what he had seen, he told us, there was 'nothing there but *old pots*, and that we had better go home.' These old pots—what do you guess they were? these *old pots* that were not worth going to see! Why, nothing more nor less than the most famous collection of Etruscan vases in the world, which the whole treasury of the United States could not buy.

Among these *old pots*, were beautiful tripods found in the temple of Isis at Pompeii, couches for the gods, carried in the *Lectisternia* festivals of the ancients, chalices, candelabras, altars, idols—in short, almost all the appendages of heathen worship that were found in that disinterred city of the dead, when the whole past was made present as it were, by falling upon Pompeii, which, under the lava of Vesuvius as it was, no barbarian, whether Goth or Christian, could despoil. These *old pots* are worth a study of days and days, and yet our strange companion had finished them at a glance, disgusted with the idea that these Neapolitan Lazzaroni should have collected them here, as a show to cheat us out of our money by. These *old pots* are now copied in the ornamenting of rooms all over England, and there are some Englishmen who go so far in their admiration of them, that they are endeavoring in the furnishing and in the decoration of their rooms, to copy, and thus to represent for this day, what antiquity was, when these old pots were in fashion. Indeed, there are but a few specimens of this strange man whom we caught let loose, and running wild in the streets of Rome. Four days he had been there when we saw him, and with money enough in his pocket, he had been galloping every day all over Rome—now on horseback, now in a *cabriolet*, and now a *facre*,—and when we saw him, he swore (by all the heathen deities of course,) that he had seen all Rome, from beginning to end—its Alpha and Omega—and what on earth his landlord meant when he said '*no*,' to his demand of '*Naples*,' he never understood, till we told him he could not go to Naples for thirty days to come, as this was quarantine, during which thirty days we kept him busily at work looking at old bricks and dirty alleys, or else in crying out 'sublime' and 'grand' in the picture galleries, the palaces, the churches and the museums of august Rome, till he was at last so surfeited with 'glory,' that even his parrot adjectives ceased to drop from his mouth. He speaks no language on earth—not even his own—(mark, English is his native tongue.) By the mere force of gravity, as it were, he had tumbled from the Alps into Rome.—He had got into a Diligence, and following it without stopping, and crying 'Rome' when it changed, he had been brought to Rome. His progress is a miracle to me. How on earth he ever gets along, is a puzzle.—But every body cheated him, and he paid every body, and perhaps gold is the only universal language on earth.

By the way, for the honor of our country, we ought to institute an examination of the passengers on board our New York packets, and throw overboard such as are not fit to go abroad. Europe is now overrun with many of the most extraordinary specimens of American humanity. We are judged of there, by what foreigners see,—and when they see for example such a novelty as I have described above, they certainly can form no high estimate of American civilization, if he be a specimen. The large majority of American travellers in Europe are young men, the sons of rich parents, many of whom are ornaments to their country, and many are far otherwise. The mind of that American indeed must have much of strength in it, who is not changed or affected by what he sees here, and if he properly cultivates that change, it will do him good—for America has much to learn, as well as much to dread from Europe; but if that change be but imitation—if it be but a servile copying of men and things, the American is ruined forever as an American, and is never more fit for his own land. When we come here, we fall at once into a new state of society where rank is every thing, where thought and action run in far different channels than with us, and the temptation to deliver ourselves to this tide that whirls all others along, is irresistible almost. But whoever does surrender himself to it, otherwise than as a spectator of a show—wo to him as an American His race for his own country is already run. Every step he takes when he returns to his family, will shock half of his friends, and make enemies of the rest. The fashions, the customs of Europe would be pests for us; and yet, as I have said before, we are so far from being the most enlightened people on earth, that Europe has ten thousand of the most important lessons to teach us. But then there is as much danger in studying these lessons as Ulysses found when he sailed by the land of the Syrens, and as he stopped up the ears of his sailors, and lashed himself to the mast, so, figuratively speaking, we must stop our ears, and lash ourselves to the mast. I can fancy no better school than that of Europe for the young American, after he has seen something of his own land; and yet I can fancy none more dangerous to all his future prospects and future character. By character, I do not mean to speak of morals, but of principles—not moral principles, but principles for society, for government, for behavior, for conversation, for every thing in short, that a man may say or do. For example, I saw in September, a young American in Switzerland who had been so long in Europe (two years only,) that he had forgotten his own language; and though he did condescend to speak English at times, he lisped it so, through the hairs of his mustachios, and he was so very graceful in all his gestures, that he seemed to be the veriest fool I ever saw on earth. I took him for a fool, and a fool, especially such a fool is a man out of the ordinary way, from whom something is to be learned. I sought his acquaintance, and obtained it. Judge then, what was my surprise to find this man whom I fancied to be a fool, to be a very sensible man. Yet every body made fun of him. He wast the butt of all company.—And why? Simply because he had UN-*Americanized* himself, and had somewhere picked up a voice and a manner which he thought to be mighty fine, but which, nevertheless, was neither that of a man nor brute beast. Such a voice alas, in the United States, would be a bar to all success in almost every thing—for by it the man made himself ridiculous, and ridicule is a weapon as strong in one sense as the arrow of death is in another. Such fashions as these, if I may call them fashions, are what is so dangerous. But then, as a man sees more of the world, he imbibes from that world (and so he ought in fact, or else, what is the use of seeking it?) new habits of thought. If these habits of thought thus imbibed, be in accordance with our institutions, all is well and good; but if they be otherwise, what is more injurious? For example it is notorious, that when Americans forget that they are Americans—princes born even,—with the royal blood of a republic in their veins, and that each one of them at home is more of a man, if liberty and self-government make the man, than nine tenths of the Princes of Europe,—when they forget this and become the hunters of this same rank, it is notorious, I say, that they are the most abject and degraded slaves of the day. They out Herod Herod in all they do. Who does not blush for them, and blush for himself, that he is a countryman of theirs? Think of a nation like ours, not one in fifty of whom can trace our genealogy further than our father's father, boasting of family—of rank—of blood—of all those silly things in short, that men think so much of here! Our patent of nobility is in what we are at the present moment,—proclaimed in that bright charter of constitutional freedom, and blazoned in those proud institutions that are above the reach of all the rest of the world. We are a nation of princes. The *royal blood* runs in all our veins. But when we boast of family abroad, or thrust ourselves unceremoniously upon men of rank, our position is as absurd. Our title is a thing never to be spoken of, and never doubted. A monarch never troubles himself about his own rank, or the rank of others, and the only thing he thinks of is to sustain the character he has.—Simplicity of character, energy without pretension, security as to position, pride for our country, for what that country has done, and for the precious blessings it enjoys,—modest, but determined resolution; these are some of the characteristics of the true American in another land, and he who possesses them, does honor to us all. But throw him overboard, yes, throw him overboard, who starts for Europe on purpose to be a fool. I do not know but that it is necessary for our own security even, as the whole character, customs, and fashions of our country, if not at present, will soon be principally influenced by the number of Americans, who are now annually visiting Europe, and returning to their homes. Havre, Liverpool, and London are now, for all practical purposes, nearer New York than Naples is to Paris, and hence, from one of the most natural laws that regulate the intercourse of one people with another, it must happen that such facilities of travelling will in some degree assimilate the new continent with the old.

B.

MONEY, &c.—It now appears that money is about as hard to be procured as in the worst periods of last spring. Stocks are selling much below par, even those which afford profitable investments, from the scarcity of money to pay for them. The state of things created by this scarcity would not be so distressing, had not concurrent circumstances increased the burden. The season has been a bad one for our farmers, and all agricultural produce is high. Indeed all articles of food are enormously dear—especially the most necessary one of bread stuffs. Cloth too, we understand, will be very high, in consequence of the scarcity of material—and some of our largest importing houses have been very limited in their importations. This general subject of lamentation must bear heavily upon the poor. When not only luxuries but bare necessaries advance in price, every one from highest to lowest must suffer. There are thousands, whose scanty pittance barely suffices to provide subsistence. These are sufferers indeed.

It is with pleasure that we learn that arrangements are being made for an importation of bread stuffs from Europe—such as will ensure a full supply, and reduce the exorbitant prices. We hope with all our heart that it may do so.

It would be useless to attempt an explanation of the causes, which have induced the scarcity of money—since the dealers in the article differ among themselves. Politicians endeavor to explain it by reference to some unpopular act with one party or another. One attributes it to the increase of Banking institutions—another, to the destruction of the U. S. Bank—and a third to something else.—To reconcile the opposing statements would be impossible. It must be remembered, however, that money is merely a facility for exchange—having no value in itself—and of course must be regulated as to its nominal value by that of the articles for which it is used as an equivalent.

LAYING UP TREASURE IN HEAVEN. The Bishop of London has recommended building fifty-two new churches in the metropolis. One individual has contributed 5000 pounds and subscribes himself 'A clergyman seeking treasure in Heaven.' A wag being asked to subscribe on the same principle, said he had rather keep his treasure on Earth while he had it, as 'a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush.'

A CRIMINAL.—A most interesting case of larceny has just been tried in the Municipal Court. The culprit was a young man, named Beach, aged about seventeen years. On Saturday last he was arraigned for sentence—four indictments having been proved against him. For this number of thefts, he was considered in law a common and notorious thief, and might have been punished by several day's solitary confinement, and twenty year's hard labor at the States' Prison. He was called upon, as is usual, to say what he might wish to the Court before sentence was pronounced, and thereupon rose, and addressed the Judge, weeping as he spoke, in a tale, so plain and moving, as to call the tears to almost every eye.—He stated, that he taught school in Hardwick, and went from thence to Burlington, some months ago, intending to prosecute a course of classical studies there. He received no assistance from his parents, although it was often promised, and had to depend on his own exertions for a livelihood, from the age of eleven years. Paying a visit to his friends, expecting to return to Burlington, he was persuaded by these to go to Boston, where he had a brother, and enter upon mercantile pursuits. He accordingly came to this city, with no clothes except those on his back, having pawned them all to support himself, and proceeded to his brother; and here began the interest of his story. That brother received them kindly—and promised to assist him, on one condition. That condition was, that under his direction, he would give up all moral principle, and swindle as he himself had done. The young man firmly refused these fiendish solicitations; and was therefore cast off by his brother. Soon he obtained a situation with a Mr Chase, who paid him only enough to procure a bare subsistence. *His brother* was ever whispering his hellish counsels in his ear. He soon needed clothes. '*Take cloth enough for them from your master!*' said the brother. 'I will not,' was the answer. He then went to board with his brother. In despair of getting any thing to wear, he became more and more disposed to listen to temptation—and his brother did not cease his efforts to make him a thief. At length he consented—and took goods enough to clothe himself. Then in his own language, 'The more I took, the more I wished to take,' and the brother received the goods, or sold them. The young man was now a criminal—miserable and fearful of detection. Unable longer to bear the reproaches of conscience, he went to the brother who had ruined him, and told him that he meant instantly to inform Mr Chase of all that had been done. Finding him resolute, the villain cursed him, and turned him from the room. Alas for the young man!—his moral courage was not sufficient to sustain him in his determination. Whenever he attempted to make the unhappy disclosure, the words stuck in his throat, and he was, at length, discovered, ere he had shown his repentance. He made every reparation to Mr Chase in his power, by informing him where all his goods could be recovered, of which he knew himself the situation.

And here was this almost boy, in the same place with felons, the victim of a brother's arts, with no love of crime, only consenting to the wreck of virtue from dread of destitution, he trembling committed the first crime, and found a spell around him, leading him on in a darker and darker path. Oh how careful should we be in judging of the hearts of others—how many, who are stigmatized by the world, and shut out from that society with their species, which is happiness, are more deserving of consolation and pity than of scorn. How various are the motives to crime—how often must justice err in its decisions, because it cannot penetrate motives—how solemn the obligation upon the dispensers of the law to let benevolence temper judgment!

The young man was only sentenced to three years in the House of Correction, with the opinion of the Judge, that if his friends interested themselves for him, he might receive a remission of part of his sentence from the Governor and Council. Those friends will be unjust to themselves and their duty, if they do not with energy solicit for his pardon—for never did one more deserve the tender mercies of the Executive.

TOP AND BOTTOM FOR SECURITY! Old Ebenezer Chaplin, whom every body knows,—who has paraded our streets for many years with a tall plume in his old hat, and a rusty sword tied round him by a piece of twine, has gone to his last account. He will tell no more stories about Landshark Reed, who put him in 'a hardware room where he had to look out of the window so kinder. (*crossing his fingers*.) He will no more harangue the multitude respecting his preaching in Dorne street Church, and going down the back stairs. 'Top and Bottom for Security' was his motto, and should be engraved on his tomb-stone.

FEMALE LABOR. The Philadelphia Ledger contains a good article on the subject of female labor. One would think it was bad enough for young females to toil continually in close confinement, and without proper air and exercise, without stinting them in the wages which they so dearly earn. We think that the price of female labor is much too low, and have no doubt that many a good and lovely girl has gone down to a premature grave—cut off by disease brought upon her by her confining and strenuous exertions to gain a decent maintenance. The idea is appalling in the extreme, but we fear it is a correct one.

A vain old lady once consulted Bass about what sort of a stone she should get for a ring, which she intended to wear. 'I want to know, Mr. Bass, what sort of a stone I should get?' 'A tombstone, by all means,' said Bass.

'You must be an excellent actor,' said Bass to the Mammoth Scott of the Chatham Theatre. 'Why think you so?' returned he. 'Because they say that a .... is the proof of an actor,' said Bass, 'and you must have been well fed.'

☞ A friend of Bass once complained of a bad cough and said he caught it by chopping wood on a dull, wet day, 'It is then a *hacking* cough,' said Bass.

Once little Frost met Bass in the street and said—'Are you the man that has the reputation of a wit?—I should judge from your looks that you were filled with stupidity.' 'Very likely,' replied Bass, 'for I have read the whole of your paper this morning.'

In his youth, Bass was servant to a Mr. Cobb. One day, several officers called to see his master, and he gave orders that no one should be admitted until the gentlemen had retired. A fop, however, came to the door, and insisted upon being immediately introduced to the master of the house.—'I tell you,' said Bass, 'that you cannot see the *Cobb* until the *colonels* are away.'

BARNARD SLATE The Bangor Daily Advertiser says that several gentlemen who went up for the purpose of exploring the quarry, returned loaded with the finest specimens which they ever saw. They are to be obtained of all sizes, and of perfect smoothness—the four edges are perfectly straight, and fitted for immediate use.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN. The Sun speaks of this star from the East, in the following terms:

'It is many years since there was so fine a personation of this character (lady Macbeth) on the American stage.' 'Miss Cushman's professional destiny is a high one,' &c.

WEBSTER'S CAUTION.—Noah Webster—not Noah *and* Webster—has published a caution to the public, in which he asserts that most of the spelling books now in market are counterfeit or pirated editions of his works, and that they are filled with errors.

SEVERE FROST.—Little Frost says that we have no talents. He has, however, discovered that we have *talons*, and, like Æsop's eagle, we have borne his tortoise print aloft into notice. When we drop him, he will sink into the contempt in which we first found him wallowing. Occasionally he thrusts his head out of his shell to snap at us—or deranges a feather or two with his claw. Let him be patient and grateful.

☞ The Bunker Hill Aurora concludes a good article in the following words:

'The North cannot stoop to any other section of the country. She, as well as the South, has her own rights, her character, her history, her laws, her people, to protect from insult, suspicion, or violation, and we trust she will not falter or cower in her duty.'

What concessions has not the North made to the South—and what more do they demand of us? Let us not, at least, be bearded at the very base of Bunker Hill.

BLIND, LAME, AND HALT.—The Mercantile Journal has an article in the paper of Saturday in respect to the vast numbers of swindlers who perambulate our streets,—mostly foreigners,—with certificates from one and another, testifying to some misfortune they have suffered, and recommending them to the compassion of the public. By this device, thousands of able-bodied, lazy rascals, roam about, obtaining support in their idleness from the benevolence of their fellow men. A stop should be put to it. If all our citizens would exercise judgment in their charity, there would be far less wickedness in the world. Many men give away money at the first solicitation, from a blind impulse of benevolence; but let such remember that this kindness is not a credit to them, but a sin.

The most laughable attempt to deceive by means of the certificates mentioned above, was made by an Irishman on a professor in the University, a year or two ago. The fellow, bearing in his pockpitted face, all the characteristics of a native of the Emerald Isle, entered the professor's room, and handed his paper to him. It set forth the necessities of the bearer, who, it declared, was a poor Pole, who had fought for his country's liberty. 'Oh, your's from Poland,' asked the Professor. 'Arrah, and shure I am, that same,—exclaimed Pat in a rich brogue, 'straight from Poland, yer honor.' The professor, too much amused to be angry, bade him go about his business.

Why was the French Revolution like an umbrella?
Ans.—Because it is kept off the reign.
Why is the birth-place of Van Buren like the Whig definition of his patriotism?
Ans.—Because it is a *kind 'er hook*.
Why is a porcupine like an editor?
Ans.—Because he fights with the quill.
Why is the moon like a surplice?
Ans.—Because—because—Zounds! we can't tell.
Why is the Editor of the Transcript like a certain long-eared animal?

The last, from the Aurora, is not a good conundrum, for the plain reason that in this description of riddles, the *similitude* should never be so apparent as to be obvious to the dullest capacity.

WHO'S WHO, AND WHICH IS WHAT? As a female was quietly proceeding through Washington street yesterday morning, leading her child, a woman grasped it and hurried with it into a hack which was in waiting. The child screamed murder at the top of his lungs, and the coachman shut his door and drove off. The mother followed vociferating that her child had been stolen from her. The crowd immediately set up the cry of stop thief! stop thief! and in company with the mother followed the carriage. The driver drove down into Exchange street and up to the Exchange Coffee House. The woman alighted with the child, and instantly the other grasped it by the arm, attempting to take it away. But her *competitor* retained her hold—and there was a most severe contest of tongues and pulls, the former, to the amusement and edification of the bystanders, the latter not to the particular delight of the child—who had like to have experienced in his little person the decision of King Solomon, that each should take half—for he was almost pulled in twain. The parties adjourned into the Coffee House, to settle the affair—and we did not understand in whose favor the verdict was rendered—nor what proofs were to be adduced of mothership by the two women. We think there must be some mystery about the matter—for we cannot suppose that an attempt would be made to kidnap in open day, in the heart of the city.

The following particulars are from the Transcript.

We learnt the following particulars from the mother of the child. Her name is Margaret Duffy, a widow. Some three or four years ago she was cook in Mrs May's boarding house, corner of Court and Brattle streets. She then had a very young child, a boy, who attracted the notice of a Mrs Bowes, of Portland, who was then boarding at Mrs May's with her husband, but who although married was childless. She solicited Mrs Duffy to let her have the child as a companion. After much importunity, on the recommendation of Mrs May, she consented. The child was taken from her, and she never saw him again until about five weeks since, when Mr and Mrs Bowes brought him with them to Boston, and took lodgings at Mrs May's, now in Milk street. She herself having in the meantime procured employment in the laundry of the Exchange Coffee House.

Mrs. Duffy had repeatedly sent for the boy, and demanded him, but received no answer. Having another son at home that she was paying board for, she was deterred by fear of expense from going herself after her child, and waited in terrible anxiety for his return, or an opportunity to meet him.—Under various pretexts the boy was refused her. She consulted a lawyer, and he advised her to take the child wherever she could find him. Consequently, hearing that he was walking in Court street with Mrs. Bowes, she took two female friends of good courage, and went in search of him.—The mother was not slow in recognizing her own offspring, and soon rescued him from the keeping of Mrs. Bowes, and a mob assembling, a coach was sent for, and herself and child, and friends, drove off. The sudden abduction being observed, and the supposed necessity of haste inducing the coachman to drive fast, the excitement was naturally and easily occasioned. It is certainly singular that Mrs. Bowes, however strong her affection for the child may have been, should have refused to restore him to his mother, who is a very respectable woman—and that he is the child of Mrs. Duffy, is, we believe, not denied. We desire no other evidence than his strong resemblance to her who claims him as his mother, and to an elder brother, whose parentage is not disputed.

Bulwer says that nothing is more plebeian than *imitation*. We suppose that is the reason that the nobles of England never *imitate* Jesus Christ and his apostles.

DR. WILLIAMS, THE OCULIST.—This impostor, when he first went to Philadelphia was well received, and believed in. But now, the papers have found the rascal out, and exposed him. The Ledger used to puff him. Pray, Mr Ledger, what changed your opinion?

The following from the Portland Times is as pretty and just a comparison as we ever read:—

'An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.'

An exchange says that the very best editors in the country are chargeable with vanity. No insinuations if you please—we shall retort.

Some author says that men who laugh are never malicious. How is it with the laughing hyena?

An exchange paper says that the Green Mountains have gone for Van Buren—weight enough to turn the scale in his favor, we should think.

☞ There is more independence of spirit in applauding the good deeds of an enemy, than in opposing the whole world.

Faith, Hope, and Charity are the three stepping stones to Heaven; and Faith and Hope are but the stepping stones to Charity, and without it worth as much as a soldier's coat without sleeves.

SAILOR'S DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN. A man who will walk by a stone wall, without biting a piece out of it.

ENGLAND AND AMERICAN SLAVERY. Were England wholly pure in herself, and the finger of reproach could not be pointed at her, did she really understand the merits of American Slavery, and not accept a darkly painted report of wrong and outrage, we should be more satisfied with the course she is pursuing. We should not have so much reason to be indignant at her denunciations, her outcry against the United States. She has abolished slavery in her colonies—her West India Islands—well and good—it was easy for her so to do. They are widely seperated from the nation itself. The slaves did not amount to millions, in the very heart of her territories, who could if taught that they were free and allowed to combine, wage a destructive war. Upon this false ground of her own benevolence, she curses America for her slavery. *England exacts a tribute from the poor heathen who make pilgrimages to Juggernaut—and who die in thousands upon the road, their bodies being the food of jackals and hyenas—their bones being left to whiten in the burning sun!* Yes, England, who scorns us for our encouragement to slavery *which she entailed upon us*, does at the same time prey upon the miseries and ignorance of her own subjects—for so she calls the Hindoos. Alas—well may we cry 'First pluck the beam from thine own eye.'

Our blood boils within us, when we reflect upon this horrid picture, the result of national avarice and cruelty, to think that Englishmen should have the temerity to cross the waters and come here to lecture us upon *our* horrible enslavement of the negroes—and then return and make false reports of the condition of our slaves and of the views of the nation—stirring up excitement against us in the hearts of those, whose own dreadful cruelty makes ours but as dust in the balance.

On Monday, of last week, a pastoral connection between Rev. George W. Blagden and the Salem Street Church Congregation was dissolved. In July last, the Old South Church presented a call to Mr. Blagden to become their Pastor, and at his request, a mutual Ecclesiastical Council was convened to consider the expediency of dismissing him from his pastoral charge; when it was decided the reasons were not such as would justify his removal. But on the representation of Mr. Blagden that his convictions of duty to change his field of labor were such as to diminish his happiness and usefulness in his then existing relations—the Church and Society united in again calling the Council by which he was dismissed.—*Christian Watchman.*

Miss Fanny Kemble Butler is at Stockbridge, in this state, on a visit to her friend Miss Sedgwick.

Van Buren is now said to be a Methodist. This accounts for his having been bawling 'Glory!' so long.

SINGULAR DEATH. A family living at 79 Mercer street, a few days since employed a woman to do their washing. The same evening a sum of money was missing, and to her they imputed the loss; she was not seen from that time until last evening, when she came into the porter house at the corner of Mercer and Spring streets, where she was told of the crime imputed to her. She denied all knowledge of the money, and went into the house in question to declare her innocence. When she arrived there she was in liquor, and put her head on the table and went to sleep.

From motives of humanity she was allowed to remain there all night. In the morning attempts were made to arouse her, but it was discovered that she slept to wake no more. The deceased was the wife of a respectable tradesman of this city, in prosperous circumstances, but her dissipated habits caused a separation some years since, and she has since continued in her vicious course, until, in the prime of life, she has added another to the list of victims of the demon of intemperance.—*N. Y. Com.*

During the Arthur Tappan riots in New York, a posse of watchmen would march very boldly to within a few hundred feet of the scene of action, buttoned to the chin, with clubs in their hands, and exhibiting a most formidable appearance. At every rush of the mob, however, the valorous Dogberry's would take to their heels, each one exclaiming at the top of his voice, '*stand your ground! stand your ground!*'

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17th.

Hot weather, injuries, duels and deaths are the only things occurring here, *of importance*. A keeper of a common tavern died suddenly, night before last, as was represented by those interested, of Asiatic Cholera, but in truth of *any thing else*. A poor negro man was murdered, and a colored woman equally unhappy, had a leg ground off. But this was not the worst; a couple of gentlemen from Richmond, a Mr Wickham, a worthy son as I hear, of the gifted honorable gentleman of that name of the same place, and a Mr Chapman, son of the distinguished Doctor of Philadelphia, had a *difference to settle*, which it seems they determined could not be so well done as on the *ground* lately *distinguished* by the *meeting* of the Honorable Messrs Jenifer and Bynum. They accordingly met, with John Dandridge of this place as the friend of the former, and Commodore Biddle, of the U. S. Navy, that of the latter. They exchanged one shot, that is, Mr Chapman fired and Mr Wickham *misfired*, when the former gentleman made the amende honorable. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

THE INDIANS.—The National Intelligencer has an article in a late paper devoted to the poor Indians. Poor creatures! We hear of their bloody massacres and their warfare against the whites, and imagine that they are like so many beasts—fit only to be hunted to death. To go into the detail of the manner in which they have been driven from their territories, and dwindled down from proud tribes to petty mongrel races, is not our intention. We have to do with present things.

'The whites are constantly increasing—and it is plain that the Indian and the white man with their diverse habits cannot live together in amity. The pale faces are the stronger, and have the rule of the children of the Great Spirit. The weaker then must remove far from the sight of his enemy. Our Government has made adequate provision for their removal—and it may seem to many, strange that the Indians should rebel against it. But we must remember that the attachment of the red men to their homes is as strong as is the love of the white man to his own friends, and associations and property; and it is hard to be severed from them by the enforcement of strangers. No wonder that they rebel.'

Again, the Indians are daily and hourly cheated, imposed, trampled on by white speculators and traders. The National Intelligencer in the article alluded to, relates the following anecdotes.

'A Choctaw Indian, by the name of Red Pepper, who had a reservation, went to the house of Grant Lincecum, a white man, who has been living among the Indians for many years, and who told me the story, and told him that the white man had cheated him out of his lands, and that he was about to be driven from his home—the home of his father and his father's father. That, in consequence, he was miserable; that his heart was sick, and he intended to die. He requested Lincecum to attend to his affairs when he should be no more—to pay his debts, &c.; and for that purpose gave him authority over his effects. He then took leave of him, returned home, and shot himself.

'Another, in the Augusta District, had a reservation of land—it was an old homestead. He had been repeatedly applied to by white men, but would not sell. His claims by some oversight, was not marked on the maps in the land office, or if marked had been erased. This homestead was entered by a speculator. A short while back the man who entered it went to the place, and told the Indian the land was entered, and he must leave it. After the man had retired, the Indian called his wife, and told her of another instance of the white man's oppression. He told her that he was too old to hunt for their support—too old to go west; that they had better die. It was agreed to. He arranged his wife and three children in a row, and called in his brother-in-law, (a white man) and told him of his designs, and wished him to witness their execution, and to tell, afterward, what he had witnessed, and the cause that led to it. He then, with a tomahawk, split the heads successively of his wife and children, and stabbed himself.—These are facts. The poor devils had been much wronged; not by government, but by speculators. They have dared to violate every principle of humanity and honest dealing, and have made large fortunes. Will the Great Spirit suffer it to benefit them? A rascal ventured to hint to me how advantageous it might be to me if I would aid and abet him in his fraudulent schemes'

These are true incidents—and are but samples of what are constantly occurring. Cannot a stop be put to these rascally proceedings? Cannot the government secure to the few red men the few rights which remain to them in their misery and shame?

ARE YOU THERE, MY HONEY? A man in Bernardtown, Mass. found 120 pounds of honey in the woods.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 6, 1836.

LYNCHERS LYNCHED. Our city is excited with the occurrences of the last few days, especially of the last night. There are many differing relations of the facts in the case.

It appears that a party of from six to a dozen persons, proceeded to the house of Judge Bermudez, last night about 9 or 10 o'clock, as it was supposed, for the purpose of assaulting the Judge. When the Judge, and some one or two friends within, were apprised of their entering, or wish to enter his house, the Judge appeared with those within, armed with pistols, and dirks, and swords, and in the affray three young men of those without, were stabbed, and two died almost instantly; the other has died since, it is reported this morning. The Judge has lost two fingers in the affray.

This horrid affair grew out of the case and trial of Giquel. This young man had killed a Mr. Brux, a week ago, and a considerable excitement prevailed during his trial and bail. He was committed by Judge Preval, and then brought before Judge Bermudez, on a writ of habeas corpus, and by him admitted to bail. As this decision became known, excitement prevailed in the community generally, and among the friends of Mr. Brux particularly; and this, it seems, is what brought out the friends of Brux last night, and their object was, as it is supposed, to assault, or Lynch the Judge. The feelings of the community appears to be opposed to the Judge; I know not whether justly or not. But they generally think that Giquel was a bad fellow. It is reported that he whipped a little orphan boy to death, a few weeks ago, for some trifling offence.

The names of the young men killed, were John C. Eagan, John Bailey, Jr., of New York, and the other's name is as yet unknown to me. They are said to be of our most respectable young men.

HORRID MURDER.—A murder of a most diabolical character has occurred in New York, and created much excitement there. The papers have the full particulars—and we obtain the following information from the Sun.

'A murder, the most revolting and atrocious in its character of any that has ever disgraced this city, was perpetrated in Rivington street on Thursday night, on the body of Mrs Alice Ackerly, wife of Samuel Ackerly, who together occupied a room in a rear building in Rivington street. It appears that they were very poor persons, that the wife was addicted to intoxication, and that on Thursday night she was inebriate when she went to bed. Yesterday morning she was found lying on her bed dead, and without a particle of clothing on her. Information was sent to the Coroner, who on arriving caused the husband, and a man named Joseph Leger who also lodged in their room, to be arrested and secured at the upper police office; and empannelling a jury held an inquest on her body.

'A physician was sent for, who attended and examined the corpse, but failed in discovering about it any marks of violence whatever; and from what little testimony could be obtained, the jury found a verdict of 'death by intemperance.' An order for the discharge of the two men was accordingly made out by the Coroner; but before it was executed, intelligence was brought to Alderman Waterbury which induced him to countermand it, fortunately in season. About the time the Coroner's jury was discharged, some persons accidentally discovered in, and dragged from, the sink of the privy, two shirts, one belonging to the deceased, and the other to the husband, both of which were much blooded, and by which the suspicions of the neighbors that the deceased had died by violence, were so much strengthened, that they immediately communicated the fact to Mr Waterbury, the alderman of the ward.

'The latter forthwith repaired to the spot, and sent for another physician, who under his direction made another examination of the body of the deceased; and on turning it over upon its face, he at once made a discovery that the poor creature had been murdered in a manner the most fiendish and cruel—*by impaling!* and a large quantity of blood, the issue of extensive internal homorrhage, dislodged by the turning of the body, flowed from the pelvis. A closer examination demonstrated that some large, rough instrument, of wood or iron, had been forced some distance into her bowels, inflicting such ruptures and wounds as must have produced instant death.

'On making this horrible discovery, the Coroner was again summoned, and he was calling together another jury at six o'clock last evening. In the meantime the two men, Ackerly and Leger, remained in custody at the upper office.

IT'S ALL MY EYE! A gentleman got a spark into his eye, and the engineer of the steamboat made a loop of a horse-hair, by bending the two ends together, and inserting the loop under the lid, between it and the eyeball—the lid was then closed, and the hair was drawn out together with the little cause of much pain.

We wonder if this would relieve a young lady who has *got a spark in her eye*. By the bye it is well to recollect this remedy, as much suffering is often occasioned by some small substance remaining in the eye.

☞ Edwin Forrest has, at length, sailed for Liverpool, so that our Boston managers may hang up their fiddles.

A cotemporary complains of the high price of pork, to which the Evening Star might be supposed to reply—'*Our withers are unwrung.*'

A horse broke from a gig, in Charlestown, yesterday, and ran a short distance at full speed, when he fell and broke his neck. The son of Mr Lyon, who was killed at the Free Bridge celebration, was in the gig at the time the horse broke away.

☞ Mr. Samuel Jenks Smith, of the Sunday Morning News, has been presented with two twin babies. He did not take them in pay for his paper—they are a present from his lady.

IMMORTALITY OF A JEST. The New York Sunday Morning News has no less than three jests from *Hierocles* ground over and adapted to the 'advanced state of civilization.—*Transcript.*

Mr. Sunday Morning News, you are a naughty man.—You shouldn't have meddled with a prerogative of the Transcript.

A good laugh was caused a few evenings since at Peale's Museum by a countryman, who, on entering the door and seeing Major Stevens walking about, asked, '*Is that one of the Siamese Twins?*'—*N. Y. Star.*

IMPORTATION OF COTTON VIA LIVERPOOL.—A lot of about four hundred bales of Peruvian cotton has been received here this week via Liverpool. It was brought here to be re-shipped in a British vessel, as the article is not admitted to entry in Liverpool in an American bottom.—*N. Y. Com.*

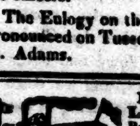
ANOTHER SLAVE CASE.—Dorcas Brown, a colored woman, appeared before Judge Ulshoeffer, of the Common Pleas, on Friday, on a *habeas corpus*, sued out by Francis J. Dallam, of Baltimore, who claimed her as his slave, alleging that she ran away from him between three and four years ago. Dorcas could not deny the charge, and she was accordingly restored to her master.

For more than three years she has been a domestic in the house of Mr William D. Sparks, of this city, and has conducted herself so well and so far gained the good will and esteem of her employer, that he offered Mr Dallam $500 to make her free, in order that she might remain. The offer was rejected, but with an intimation that Dorcas might, perhaps, before long, be allowed to return to New York, and again to take service with Mr Sparks. It is supposed that Mr Dallam means to set her free.—*N. Y. Com.*

ODD FIGHT.—A Police officer of New Orleans, while lately attempting to arrest a refractory negro, was knocked down by the culprit, who wrested from him his sword cane, and stabbed him in the nose. Several individuals then gave him chase, but the negro wounded five of his pursuers before he was taken. It was with the utmost difficulty that he was rescued from being Lynched, after he was arrested.

A PRIZE FIGHT. We are sorry to say that a prize fight came off yesterday morning in Charlestown near the Navy Yard. The parties exchanged nine severe rounds, after which one closed in upon the other and threw him; whereupon the latter acknowledged himself beaten. The constables were descried on the approach—when the parties—hatless, shirtless, and bloody, took to their heels; and cheated the officers.

The Eulogy on the character of James Madison, will be pronounced on Tuesday, the 27th instant, by the Hon. John Q. Adams.



EASTERN STEAM BOAT MAIL LINE, for Portland, Bath, Hallowell, Bangor, Eastport, and St. Johns, New Brunswick.

The PORTLAND, 450 tons,	Capt Jabez Howes.
INDEPENDENCE, 500 do.	" Tho's Howes.
McDONOUGH, 300 tons do.	" Andrew Brown.
BANGOR, 400 do.	" S. H. Howes.
ROYAL TAR, 400 do.	" Reed.

The splendid Steamers Portland and Independence, will run every night, Sundays excepted, between Boston and Portland—leaving Eastern Steamboat Wharf, foot of Hannover street, Boston, and Andrews' Wharf, Portland, at 7 o'clock, P. M. The Portland leaves Boston on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Portland on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The Independence leaves Boston on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Portland on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. These steamers are expressly adapted for sea a route, and provided with extra boats and life preservers.

The superior Steamer McDonough has been put in perfect order, improved in model and speed, and will run daily between Portland and Hallowell, touching at Bath and Gardiner—will leave Portland after the arrival of the Boston Boats, at 8 o'clock A. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Hallowell on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 o'clock, A. M.; connecting with the Night Boats for Boston.

The favorite Steamer Bangor will run as a Day Boat between Portland and Bangor, touching at Owl's Head, Saturday Cove, Bucksport, Frankfort and Hampden, she will leave Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M., immediately after the arrival of the Boston Boat, and Bangor, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M., connecting with the night boats for Boston; she is furnished with a Fire Engine, Life Preservers, Cork Mattrasses and four Boats. One half the Portland and Independence will be reserved for the passengers from the Penobscot, and ample accommodation reserved for those from the Kennebec.

The new and superior Steamer Royal Tar, will run weekly between Portland and St. John's, N. B., touching at Eastport. She will leave Portland on Fridays, after the arrival of the Portland from Boston, and St. John's on Wednesday afternoon, in season to place her passengers in the Independence on Thursday evening. The McDonough and Royal Tar commence their trips from and after May 8.

Fare from Boston to Portland,			$3;
"	"	Boston to Bath,	$3 50;
"	"	Boston to Hallowell,	$4;
"	"	Portland to Bangor,	$4;
"	"	Portland to Eastport,	$6;
"	"	Portland to St. John's,	$8;

Deck passengers, at reduced rates.

Freight received every day for the above ports.

☞ The Proprietors of the Boats, however, will not be responsible for any Bank Bills, Notes, Drafts, Packages, Trunks, or other articles of value, unless the value is disclosed, a proportionable price paid, and a written receipt taken therefor, signed by the Captain or Clerk.

**All baggage at the sole risk of the owners thereof

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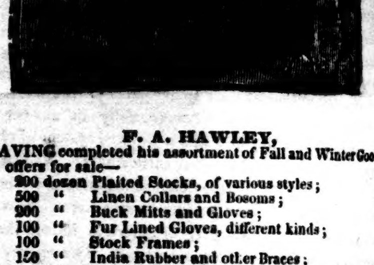
may 9



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HAVING completed his assortment of Fall and Winter Goods offers for sale—

200	dozen	Plaited Stocks, of various styles;
500	"	Linen Collars and Bosoms;
200	"	Buck Mitts and Gloves;
100	"	Fur Lined Gloves, different kinds;
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may 30

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DOANE'S Surgery: Surgery illustrated, compiled from the works of Cutler, Hind, Velpeau, and Plasius—with 52 plates. By A. Sidney Doane, A.M., M.D.

The Truth: its physical condition and most remarkable phenomena. By W. Mullenger Higgins. It being the seventy-eighth volume of Harper's Family Library.

Frank. By Maria Edgeworth. Complete in one volume.

Map of Texas: with plates of the adjoining states. Compiled by Stephen F. Austin.

Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs: the roads leading thereto, and the doings thereat. Collected and edited by Peregrine Prolix. With a Map of Virginia.

Notes on the Wisconsin Territory, with a Map by Lieut A. M. Lea, of U. S. Dragoons.

Richardson's New Dictionary of the English Language. The four first numbers received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st.

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DEALER in Wines and Liquors, W. I. Goods, Butter, Cheese, Fruit, Flour, &c. wholesale and retail, Broomfield street, near the Broomfield House.

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